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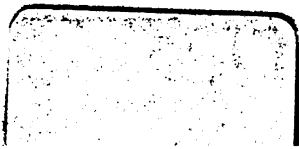
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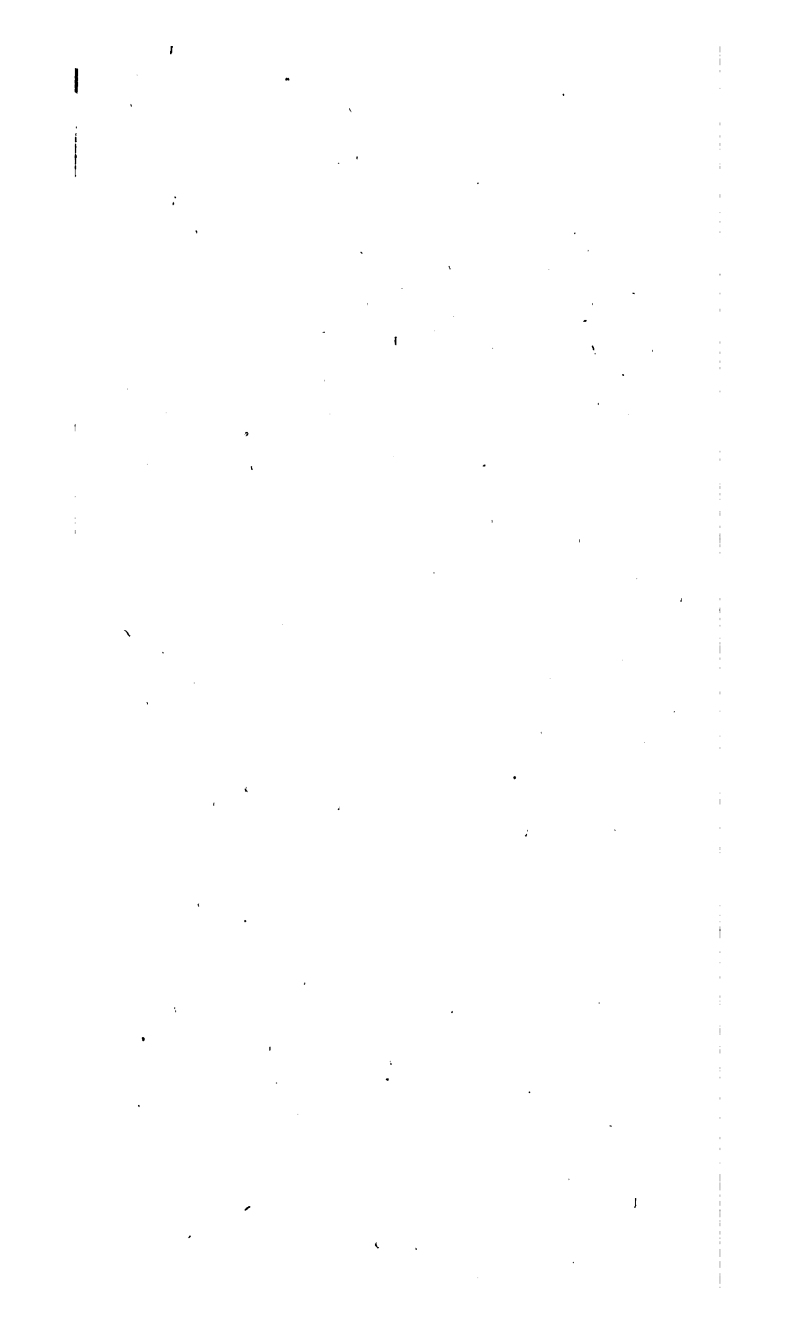


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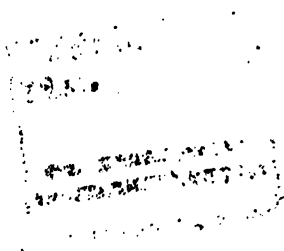


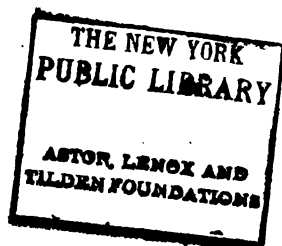
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AD









(11)  
~~MP~~  
NDP





## PADDY HEW.

Let's man the boat, I'll soon be at 'em !  
And stop the *scandalum magnatum* !!

# PADDY HEW;

A Poem,

FROM THE BRAIN OF

*TIMOTHY TARPAULIN.*

WHISTLED BY A SEA LARK.

I'll try the temper of the times  
By manufacturing of rhymes,  
Such as never were submitted  
To critical animadversion,  
Or ignorant aspersion;  
To be cut up, perhaps, and spitted  
By daggers, tomahawks, and skewers  
Of knowing codgers—call'd reviewers.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS,

No. 56, Paternoster-row.

1815.



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Printed by WHITTINGHAM and ROWLAND,  
Goswell Street, London.

(CIRCULAR)

TO THE

*Poets, Wits, and Reviewers of the  
Present Day.*

GENTLEMEN,

BEING ambitious of standing  
candidate for a laurel-fellowship at  
the ensuing election—I have sent my  
first-born to solicit the honour of your  
votes and interests on the occasion.

I have the honour to be

GENTLEMEN,

most enthusiastically  
and bombastically,

Your's,

C. LARK.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

---

WHEN I presented this poem to a bookseller for sale, he asked me what was the drift of it—I told him it was a kind, of a sort, of a satire upon the times; and, an exposure of naval manners and customs—that it was interspersed with pretty tales, episodes and sonnets; the whole adroitly interwoven with philosophical and moral notions, and that it was more particularly intended as a take off upon those who would fancy the cap fitted them. “Sir,” said he, looking wisely, “there may be something in that—Pray is it in the style of Doctor Syntax, if it is, it may do—only as it comes after him you should aim at higher game. I mean, such a thing as an attack upon the bishops, and taking a glance at the Archbishop of ———, so as not to mention names. If you would write something of this kind I would venture a respectable price; or should

you prefer the other way, I would go halves with you, and give you your share in half bound copies." I answered, "No, sir, it is not like Doctor Syntax; Paddy Hew would be ashamed to be seen in the same field with such a milksop. My partner, Tarpaulin, has also a sovereign contempt for such kind of people, calling them *twice-layed* fellows, along shore lubbers, jumping haymakers, and other opprobrious names, fit company only for Portsmouth *pointers* at a Gosport hop." I added, "that Paddy Hew had as much in it to provoke laughter, as the Shipwreck, tears. That the satire extended over the East and West Indies, North and South America, the Cape of Good Hope, Persia, the Peninsula, China, Cochin China, and even to the Red Sea, where Pharaoh was drowned with all his host; that it would have extended to the Prince of Cambay's dominions, had we not been forestalled by the widow in Hudibras respecting his singular diet, and why he took to it. I concluded by stating, that we had attacked absurdity and vice wherever we met

with it; and assured him the poem had a very considerable deal of merit, and that it had brought things *home* to people as much as they could possibly wish." He shook his head, and after a long pause, said, "I presume, then, sir, it may contain an attack upon the ministry? If so, the consideration then is—whether it would answer in profit, the *extreme risk* of an *Ex Officio* proceeding."

I replied, "that it was not at all levelled at the ministry, and if he purchased it off-hand I would undertake that it should be so completely enveloped in sea-terms that they should not even understand it, and that every body else should. But, in the event of the Lords of the Admiralty twigging the meaning, for I admitted they were very deep ones, and bringing an action, it would be the best possible thing that could happen to him, as it would give greater publicity to the poem; and he would in consequence have edition after edition to publish; soon be enabled to leave off business with the greatest possible credit, and if



he chose, could set himself down in the country for the rest of his life as an esquire." I have an idea that he either did not understand me fully, or was already too rich to be alive to his real interest, for he immediately added—"The hoax, sir, upon the Stock Exchange, is warning enough for me—you know, sir, they got nothing by that—the telegraph did not work—in short, it did not answer—besides, you have no preface, which is, I assure you, sir, of much greater consequence than you may imagine; and the poem ought also to be full of caricatures, to induce people even to read it through. Depend upon it, without a preface, the work will be as unsaleable as an ungilt gorget."

This vexed me extremely, well-knowing the great aversion Timothy would have to write any thing of the kind; indeed, he never prefaced any thing, but always came to the point at once: "however, Mr. ———," said I to the bookseller, "if you will purchase, I will write a preface myself, though I would almost

as soon be *keel-hauled*." "Sir," quoth he, sagaciously nodding his head, "is it not a most remarkable coincidence, that you should finish your hero's name with the very same word Butler began his with—*Hugh*: I, perceive, sir, the poem is in the *Hudibrah* style, (he had just returned from Paris) indeed, the name of *Hugh* seems inseparably connected with humour. My little boy, *Hugh*, is the drollest chap that ever lived, he makes game of all his brothers and sisters, and sometimes (only we whip him for that) of his mother and me; besides, added he, warming as he went on, the word humour itself in its true pronunciation, at least as it used to be spoken, begins with *hugh—hugh-more*." Here I was obliged to interrupt him, having hard work to keep my countenance—"You are undoubtedly in the right, sir," said I, "for I recollect many instances of the kind myself, though, most likely, not so many as you do. Why, there was Nebock-*Hugh-de-noser*, the most whimsical fellow that ever lived, he dreamed a dream, and had well nigh put Daniel to death

for not telling him what it was about, though he could not recollect it himself—certainly, nothing but the extreme wit of the thing could excuse the cruelty. There also was *Calig-Hugh-la* who made his horse consul, whence, I have often been surprised at the ignorance of the French, calling Buonaparte *the first* consul. You must also recollect, sir, the *Hugh-go-nots* and *Hugh Caput*, and even in our own country *Hugh Bigod*, who, you know, said,

‘ Were I in my castle Bungay,  
Upon the river Wavenny,  
I should na care for the king O’Cockney!’

This must have been fun, there could have been nothing else in it, and though it has been so much thought of, I will defy any one, to pick out three such bad lines in my whole poem.—Then again *Hugh Moore*, of *Moore Hall*, who slew the dragon of *Wantley*, and *Mong-Hugh Park*, who was so barbarously slain, as we imagine, by the savage Africans. To say nothing of the *Baron Monk Hugh-son*,

from whom one of our popular poets has taken the most romantic incident in all his works without acknowledging the obligation\*—I mean the gentleman riding out of the castle when the port-cullis was let down upon him—Mr. ——— makes his hero so quick as to escape without loss—Monk Hugh-son, less fortunate, found out when he was a few leagues off, that the port-cullis had taken off the *after*-part of his horse!!”—I was proceeding, when my eye glancing upon that of the bookseller, I perceived that I had gone a little too far (my tongue, as usual, being my worst enemy), since I wished him to be the purchaser of the book. I saw a disdainful sneer upon his countenance which stopped me. When he said—“I’ll tell you what, sir, between you and I, and under the rose, as we are, I trust, both gentlemen, I never got any thing in my life by publishing poetry, though I have a consider-

\* That this plagiarist may not get off *Scot-free*, I shall take the liberty of glancing at his christian name—Walter, “thou art the man!!!”

able taste for it, having written some very severe things myself, yet they did not take; nothing really good will do, and depend upon it that this poem of yours will go off 'like the snuff of a candle.'"—"Good day," said I, "Mr. ———." "Good day, sir—hum!"

I hastened home, and found my friend standing at the door waiting for me.—"Well, Lark, how are you, what is the news?" "Oh! Tarpaulin, I offered it to the *most learned* bookseller in town, and he at once, without reading, or even looking at it, told me it would not do without a preface and *lots* of caricatures; besides, he added, the length was a disadvantage, unless we had, like ———, published something to make us notorious before—and even then, a poem must have the usual number of lines to make it at all saleable."

"The fellow is a fool," quoth Tim, "with his pictures, and measurement by the yard—it is d——d nonsense—if he knows better than the doctor, let him take the chest—I'd

eat hay with a horse before I'd write a preface."

However, what the bookseller said, made some impression upon me: and, therefore, with all due deference, I shall briefly state as a preface, what induced the publication of *Paddy Hew*—I lately applied to Timothy, but he *snubbed* me, by saying he had many reasons, though he refused to state one; I trust, therefore, that the public will consider I do enough by attempting to explain for myself.

I hereby, without any hesitation or mental reservation, publicly proclaim, confess, and make known, that I had three objects in view, (if not more) and, that I am neither unwilling nor ashamed to own them.


In the first place, I assure those who may become purchasers of the book, and the opinions of others I shall be totally indifferent

to, that the prime one was, what the world invidiously terms—*filthy lucre*.

The next, gentle reader, was to gratify my own whims, and this, I trust, you will admit to be both natural and innocent.

The third was, to accommodate the public with what I considered they were much in want of, indeed, more than any thing else—something to make them laugh and to keep them in good humour; should they vouchsafe to receive this, my first attempt, to please them, graciously; as I am a good tempered man, I may indulge them with a second edition.

Some characters in the poem, people may take to themselves, with little trouble, and with much profit. Others, again, are so mystical, far-fetched, and obscure, that the devil himself would find it difficult to apply them. And, as I have rather an aversion to let my own “cat out of the bag!” I shall follow the example



of Roger Bacon, when he invented gunpowder; I will give a clue, and leave to the discerning public to follow it up, in due time, through its different ramifications. That nobody, however, may be dispirited from a minute examination, I can assure the world that the book is suitable to all capacities, from the school-boy even to the statesman; and whoever finds the most wit in it, will be considered by Timothy and myself, as the cleverest fellow. An old saying of my grandmother's was "Sup Simon, 'tis best at bottom!!"

Accidentally telling a friend of mine, that the heroine of the poem was dressed in a dashing yellow velvet gown, the lady immediately, primming herself up, said, "Then, sir, you intend to insult me."—"Certainly not, Ma'am—why do you think so?"—"Because, you must know, sir, that it is my favourite dress"—(I then recollected, I had once seen her in it)—She continued "You might as well make it scarlet or crimson, if



you did not intend to be personal; and if you do not alter it, I shall be highly offended.”—“Madam” said I, “I have such a consideration for your good opinion, that I will make it whatever colour you like.”—“Well, let it be crimson or scarlet then.”—“Madam,” I answered, “You have said it; it shall be both crimson and scarlet, for by following your directions I shall certainly avoid giving offence to any one.”

I called to drink tea with my great aunt Martha, in about ten days after this; she received me very coldly, and would scarcely speak for some time, though I earnestly requested to know if I had done any thing to offend her. She muttered something between her teeth *about people with whom nothing was sacred*. I begged again to know what was the matter? “I declare,” added she, “I shall always be ashamed to put the gown upon my back again—and it fits me so well too—the velvet only, cost me twelve guineas—trimmed so beautifully as it is, with the new

daisy fringe : fourteen shillings a yard—could you bring nobody into that silly poem of your's but your own aunt, who has always loved you too well—who was always so kind to you—and always liked you better than any of the rest—did I not give you twenty pounds when you first went out—and buy you besides your dirk and cocked hat, and the next voyage, a whole uniform, and gave you a ten pound note?"—" My dear aunt," said I, " what do you mean by all this ?"—" Aye, aye, you may pretend not to know."—" But I don't know, aunt," and I really began to think she had taken leave of her senses. " Why, you have given that nasty woman my crimson-velvet gown." Now, the *murder* was out, I perceived that Mrs. — had been with my aunt and told her of the change in Sally Wattle's dress, and had, by that means, given her more uneasiness than she had, perhaps, ever experienced before.—(I assure the reader I was much grieved for the distress of my aunt, who is really one of the best women living.) I told her that the crimson-velvet gown had

occurred but once in the whole poem—that I had originally, as she knew, intended it to have been yellow, but that Mrs. —— had called upon me, and to please her, I had altered the colour of Sally Wattle’s dress.—“ Well” said she, “ then you have a greater regard for Mrs. —— than you have for your own aunt—it does not signify your mentioning the colour but once ; all the world will think it is me—yes, having once mentioned it—once is enough!—all the world will cry shame on it—and it shan’t be—if you don’t, to oblige me, alter the dress to blue, I will immediately send for Mr. Patch, (her attorney) alter my will, and not leave you a sixpence—‘ It is an ill bird that despises its own nest’.” I assured her, upon my honour, that I had had no intention of displeasing her, and that I would do any thing to prevent her taking offence, but that my printer had got through the third Canto, and I could not afford, in the present state of my finances, to sink six months pay, but if she would be at the expense of printing it over again, Sally

Wattle should return to her yellow. (I knew if I had altered it to blue, it would inevitably have offended my mother, who often wears a blue bonnet.) She said; "No, Lark, I cannot afford that, but as the world—*What will the world say—you know, Lark, the world is very censorious—we must consider what the world will think.* You *must* be cautious, and inform the world that you did not intend me." I assured her I would do that in the preface, and that that would undoubtedly satisfy every body. This pacified her; she gave me five golden guineas, and we parted the best possible friends. I hereby declare that I did not mean, in the most distant way, to allude to my aunt by the crimson dress; nor did I intend it for any one but the person whom it may suit best, and who may claim the picture of Sally Wattle as her own.

As Buonaparte succeeded so very ill with the *old bees* that he besprinkled himself with, I hope it will not be thought an unpardon-

able deviation from common custom, if I sip a little of the honey collected by *modern bees*—in my various imitations of living poets.

If the Commodore meets with a ready sale, the copies will be sold off, and the money will be in the hands of our bookseller, or, which is much better, in our own pockets, before the knowing ones will discover its meaning. Then, should any silly, litigious fellow, (for such are abroad) proceed against us, we care not—I am not afraid of the gentleman to whom I first offered it, as I do not mention his name. In one month from this time Timothy and myself will be out of the kingdom, on a visit to a *literary friend* of ours, *now* residing at *Tours*: where we shall be well supplied with the English papers, and shall laugh at his folly, in making ducks and drakes of his money with a set of people whom my friend Timothy emphatically terms, *Land Sharks*.

So, with a parent's good wishes, go forth my little Hew—my dear little fellow—when

you are known, and your qualities afialized, you will turn out more to the satisfaction of the public than Mrs. Southcott has done, with her good-for-nothing hocus-pocus. You will, I trust, live much longer than many people's children—you have had advantages—you have been in many a storm, while in embryo, and are not like many others who are intruded upon the world, half rocked. You were nursed and dandled when the reviewers themselves would have been sea-sick—you have had a good education (in the cock-pit) and "*learning is better than house and land.*"

Once more, adieu !  
Wear out your old clothes ;  
And you shall have new !

To satisfy inquisitive people, I will acquaint them who your father is, and who he is not.

I'm not that careless, happy swain  
Who wanders with his flocks,  
And whistles blithely o'er the plain,  
Or sings 'mongst rugged rocks.

**xxii**

**But a rough sailor, wand'ring wide  
On a tempestuous ocean,  
Who flings his sorrows to the tide,  
And whistles for promotion.**

**C. LARK.**





**" COME LISTEN TO A TALE OF YOUNGER  
TIMES—A WILD ONE, FULL OF WONDER;  
COME, FOR YE KNOW ME NOT—FOR I  
AM HE, WHO NE'ER DID SING, OR CRY  
A SONG, BEFORE FOR YOU TO BUY;  
COME LISTEN TO MY TUNEFUL BALLAD,  
COME TASTE THE SWEETNESS OF MY SALAD,  
DREST UP QUITE DAINTILY FOR PALATE;  
COME! OH! COME I PRAY!!  
AND LISTEN TO MY LAY."**

# **PADDY HEW.**



**CANTO I.**

**B**

### **ARGUMENT.**

The character of Paddy Hew  
Is brought before the reader's view ;  
And other heroes justly fam'd,  
For mighty deeds, hereafter nam'd ;  
A Lady shows herself in scarlet,  
As valiant as the Princess Charlotte ;  
Love generates a deadly hate  
Betwixt old Ironside and Pat,  
The former sallies on a cruise,  
The author rests his weary muse,  
And the next canto shews the news.

# PADDY HEW.

---

## CANTO I.

**I**N days of turbulence and trouble,  
When hot disputes did boil and bubble ;  
When ev'ry finger pull'd a trigger,  
And men with pride were swelling bigger ;  
When ev'ry touch-hole was a blaze,  
And balls commission'd, did amaze,  
And knock men down by dozens, flat on  
Fields which blood did rich and fatten ;  
Where many a head, without a hat on,  
Was sacrificed to earth and Satan ;  
When Madam Europe was upset,  
Upon her back by Fortune's *pet* \* ;  
When French and English politicians  
Were working wonders, like magicians ;  
A necessary war of course  
There was, which we shall not rehearse

\* Bonaparte.

At length, but shall ourselves content  
By merely stating the event,  
And not the cause or management ;  
Suffice it then to say they fought,  
Lost, and gain'd battles dearly bought ;  
Oft put each other to the rout,  
With broken head and bloody snout ;  
And many a man did risque his carcase,  
To make an Englishman a marquis.  
Some courted danger, death, and scars,  
To crown with laurel British tars ;  
Spreading their fame on every shore,  
Where tempests blow or oceans roar.

When full-mouth'd fame reported rackets  
Where Britons dusted Frenchmens' jackets,  
She roar'd aloud with trumpet brazen,  
To tell us of a man amazing ;  
A hero who had done more deeds  
Of arms, perhaps, than he who bleeds.  
For in those days bold feats were done  
Without a bayonet or gun,  
Sometimes without a risque to run ;  
And men of war did honours win,  
As they do now, in a whole skin ;

And did not blush to bear a batch,  
Without the smallest chance or scratch;  
Thinking it better to obtain 'em  
By interest, as it does not pain 'em ;  
The like of which I've often heard  
Of late, so strenuously aver'd  
Of many, who've been daub'd with honours,  
For which they had to thank the donors;  
And not their own heroic deeds  
Of arms, or legs, or weighty heads ;  
Who afterwards, with gait so murky,  
Have swagger'd like a gobble turkey,  
Gaining as much respect, for trophies  
Bestow'd by dear friends high in office,  
As others have by wounds and scars  
Obtain'd in bloody field of Mars.  
'Tis held, brave men should be above it,  
But those who think so, let 'em prove it ;  
Their arguments, however subtle,  
Would be ridiculous and futile.  
'Tis proper, by the river Styx !  
We term it too, in politics,  
A masterpiece ; and what wise soldier  
Would throw an honour from his shoulder ?

An offer'd honour ('tis, we mean,)  
 Can be received with fingers clean ;  
 For services may be unknown,  
 And modest merit not yet shown  
 That may, hereafter, make appearance :  
 If so—why then 'twill be a clearance,  
 If not—'tis nonsense, undefensible,  
 To make one's head to balls ostensible  
 For sake of honours, when so sensible  
 They can be gain'd without the hazard  
 Of bleeding scar, or broken mazard.  
 Fame, as aforesaid, loud did roar,  
 To tell us of a commodore,  
 Who sprung up into consequence  
 By valour, interest, impudence ;  
 And was not this a fair pretence,  
 With any man of common sense ?  
 Some say, but others don't depend on't,  
 He was a lineal descendant  
 Of holy Roman Father Murphy,  
 Who was the bastard of M<sup>c</sup>Durfey,  
 Who was the son of old M<sup>c</sup>Manus,  
 Who lost his head, for actions heinous ;  
 Others, that he came in a right line  
 From daring hero, chok'd by tight line,

Who rose in Ireland some time since,  
 And feats of prowess did evince;  
 Swearing, by *Jasus*, he would heal  
 His country's wounds, by dint of steel;  
 But fortune brought him, and his fellows,  
 Untimely underneath the gallows.  
 If he sprang from this noble martyr,  
 From porter, scavenger, or carter,  
 Or if he came by land or water,  
 It matters not, he follow'd him  
 In every way, in every whim;  
 Evincing that he did inherit  
 The very essence of his spirit.

Now, muse, begin! and tell the times  
 Of Paddy Hew, in funny rhymes,  
 (For that's the name we mean to call him,  
 That we may *safely* over-haul him,)  
 And shew the world this gallant man,  
 In as true colours as we can,  
 (Because we make it not our business,  
 To give to man, or beast, uneasiness.)  
 Latona's son, renown'd Apollo,  
 Smile on me, there's a clever fellow!



Let loose your fiery courser's reins!  
 Strike day-light into mortal's brains,  
 And roast 'em well! I don't desire  
 To see the silly world on fire:  
 For fear I should be burnt to coals,  
 In a mistake along with fools,  
 And that I should not like by *goles*!  
 Great Landor! Mars' redoubted son,  
 O! teach my numbers—*how to run*!  
 For tho' thou found'st thyself mistaken  
 Thou still may'st serve us as a beacon,  
 Like the Culloden at Aboukir,  
 We'll steer by thee my noble joker.  
 Alas! thou didst thy muse belabour  
 With *Julian*, *Gibberish*, and *Gebir*\*,  
 And tried to soar by fume and puffing  
 Like thy ancestor, Bellerophon;  
 Who, with the aid of winged steed,  
 Would fain have flown up high indeed;

\* Doctor Johnson was of opinion, that *Gibberish* is  
 best derived from the unintelligible cant of *Geber* and his  
 followers. He asserts it was anciently written *Gebrish*,  
 and many of the cognoscenti assert that *Gebir* is actually  
 an illegitimate descendant of *Geber*, notwithstanding he  
 has spelt his name differently.

But Jupiter stopp'd his career,  
 And sent him back with flea in 's ear ;  
 So when thy efforts were in vain,  
 Thou tumbledst headlong down again.  
 How couldst thou urge, prick on, and spur  
 Such an unwilling jade as her ;  
 Till she grew restive, hot, and wild,  
 And look'd like a sick monkey's child ?  
 Thou should'st have waited her own time,  
 Before you ventur'd the sublime.  
 This we disclaim, and therefore want her  
 Only to trot away, or canter.  
 Ay ! me ! it was a sad dilemma  
 In which your hardihood did hem her ;  
 While stumbling near the rugged passes  
 Which guard the foot of Mount Parnassus:  
 Where, sticking fast in dirty bog,  
 She was converted to a frog,  
 And did begin to croak and waddle,  
 To hop, to kick about, and straddle,  
 And utter notes more grand and charming,  
 Than use to come from croaking vermin.  
 " Oh ! had I but a muse of fire,"  
 To paint her struggles in the mire ;

To tell what verses may be sung,  
 What sweetness emanate from dung !  
 O ! *Landor* should you now assist us,  
 We think Parnassus can't resist us.  
 What spirit, would such aid infuse  
 With grog, my all-inspiring muse !  
 Assist, then Landor, and perhaps  
 We shall be help'd by other chaps :  
 Known rhyming, chiming, volunteers,  
 By length of verses and of ears.  
 Combin'd together we'll advance  
 Quick, as th' allies did into France ;  
 Like them our *lines* may be extended  
 Or short, but not so well defended.  
 For we can't have that confidence  
 In our resources, or pretence ;  
 But by aforesaid forces aided,  
 'Tis strange, indeed, if we are jaded.  
 With reinforcements such as these  
 " I can sing as I shall please."  
 I thank you, Southey, for the hint,  
     It is so good,  
     If understood,  
 As I shall understand it.

It is a source that will not stint,  
 An indeterminable mint,  
 And poetry, by it may be  
 So easily commanded.

That should we get a favour'd lift  
 From Butler, Hogarth, or from Swift,  
 We'll make the silly world admire on  
 As long as Walter Scott, or Byron.  
 We'll crowd with wisdom every sail.  
 Then let the puppies bark and rail,  
 We want 'em not to wag a tail.

Our hero's body was true Irish,  
 His mind, his heart, his temper, fireish ;  
 He was not chubby, short, or thickset,  
 But *tallish, thinnish, Donnish*, Quixote.  
 His real height, if we may fix it,  
 Perhaps was about five or six feet ;  
 His visage long, and intersected  
 Was by a hell-fired \* nose infected,  
 By which his face was well protected.

\* Hell-fired—Tarpaulin, when a *mid*, was going under  
 the bows of a brig that had an alligator's head painted

It serv'd the purpose of a shell,  
 Burnt any thing but water well;  
 And even that would froth and hiss  
 When he was wont to wash his phiz.  
 It mostly had a ruddy hue,  
 But frosty weather turn'd it blue,  
 Which made a Frenchman cry, *mon dieu!*  
 When he beheld it once at Kew;  
 Shrunk up in wrinkles odd and *rum*,  
 Just like a washer-woman's thumb.  
 'T had got a *heel to port* somehow,  
 Perhaps by an unlucky blow;  
 And was so very, very crooked,  
 Just like a dog's hind-leg it looked.  
 Beneath his chin, within his gullet,  
 There was an egg as big as pullet,  
 Which mov'd, whenever he drank beer,  
 Like hammer of an auctioneer;  
 And many people cried O dear!

very fiercely and with amazing long teeth—"O! the brig  
*a hoy?* Hallo! What brig is that?"—"The *Buonaparte*,"  
 one of the men in the boat immediately cried out. "Well  
 —*Buonaparte* has got *hell-fired teeth*."

C. LARK.

Who ever saw a thing appear  
 So odd, ridiculous and queer !  
 Some said, and swore to't, that a chicken  
 Was in this egg, alive and kicking ;  
 And as it does not like to stick in,  
 It strives to free itself by picking.  
 If e'er its grisly prison broke  
 The man would die by chicken choke.  
 He had two legs, long, lank and thin,  
 Shap'd like a baker's rolling pin ;  
 You could not tell which side the calf was,  
 Or on which side the bigger half was.  
 His arms were next kin to his legs,  
 And dangled by his side like pegs,  
 Sometimes were sprucely tuck'd behind him  
 To make the vulgar better mind him ;  
 At others, it is fair to note  
 He tuck'd but one hand under coat.  
 His hair grew shaggy from his head,  
 Linsey-woolsey, carrot red :  
 Ofttimes 'twas stock'd with desp'rate cattle,  
 Who drew up armies and would battle\* ;

\* See Huber on ants.

And sometimes when he found them cruising,  
In bustle, tumult and confusion,  
He'd take a cruel resolution  
To bruise and kill all such as come  
Within the precincts of his thumb.  
His finger nail, whate'er came under,  
Died, in a dreadful crack of thunder.  
He used to wear upon his back  
An old blue jacket for a hack,  
Superbly edg'd with yellow gold  
His new coat was, but not his old;  
On which we farther may descant  
Perhaps, if we should chance to want;  
If not, for ever it may rest  
Secure in Welsh and Stalker's chest.  
Upon his head a hat he wore  
Triangular; to go on shore.

On holidays,

Or jolly days,

A Trafalgar cockade was tied,  
Quite dashing, on the north-west side;  
And, from its centre, to a button,  
A double string of gold was put on;

A rose of gold, with true blue mix'd.  
 At either end this hat was fix'd.  
 Whene'er he wanted to cut pranks  
 Yellow trowsers grac'd his shanks;  
 Or if he had a mind to vapour  
 He'd put on this *three-corner'd scraper*;  
 And buckle round his slender waist  
 A trusty sword with valour cas'd:  
 This way equipp'd, he'd sally forth  
 Showing his consequential worth,  
 The greatest man perhaps on earth!  
 Upon his quarter-deck he'd stand  
 With brazen trumpet grasp'd in hand,  
 And thunder forth a hoarse command.  
 The hat, the trumpet, and the sword,  
 We now dispense with at a word;  
 But if we should hereafter need 'em  
 To rouse, to cover heads, or bleed 'em,  
 They shall return, what can be more said?  
 If not, they'll stay as was aforesaid;  
 In the strong chest of Welsh and Stalker.  
 So I am *off*—my name is *Walker*\*.

\* Why you are not going away yet sure?  
 Yes! my name is *Walker*, I am *off*.

C. LARK.



When Paddy did a song repeat  
 His guttural melody was sweet;  
 The egg which gallop'd in his throat  
 Added fresh beauties to the note,  
 And set his sentences afloat.  
 No nightingale of Scottish *laird*  
 Could with it justly be compar'd.  
 Though rough—it was not quite so ragged  
 As squeaking boar-pig under a gate\*.  
 He could exactly imitate  
 The eloquence of Billingsgate;  
 Chop logic, cut blocks with a razor,  
 A true bred literary teaser.  
 If you were sick, he would inform ye  
 What would relieve, or what would harm ye;  
 In fact, he'd make you cold or warm ye:  
 That is, if you'd an ague fever  
 He'd neither let it heat nor shiver;  
 A precious, potent, patent pill,  
 Invented by him, was, to kill  
 All evils, come from where they will.  
 Had you laid wager, in a minute  
 He'd tell you, if you'd lose or win it;

\* A Scotch nightingale is a pig under a gate.

At least, sometimes, but often mist,  
 His knowledge was so manifest.  
 Of navigation, perfect master,  
 He was beside a poetaster ;  
 He'd write philippics and epistles  
 As easy as a boatswain whistles,  
 And make an epic poem faster  
 Than Walter Scott the *burgomaster*.  
 He wrote the greatest part of Rokeby,  
 And after quiz'd himself with Jokeby,  
 At least he said so ; but his word  
 Was never gospel on record ;  
 Howe'er, he vow'd that he wrote Gebir,  
 And father'd it upon his neighbour,  
 Because he said he never wish'd  
 To own that he wrote such a *fist*,  
 That Landor seiz'd it as his game  
 To get a literary name—  
 And was not that a burning shame ?  
 He also says, *Count Julian*  
 Is the production of his pen,  
 And that he wrote it but to coax  
 And make him gulp the *Gebir hoax*.

Some place no confidence in this  
 Presumptive evidence of his;  
 Should Gebir sink, they say the Count  
 Will sink also, and never mount.  
 That you alone are the offender  
 Is now believed, my *Savage Landor*.  
 My muse desires I'll bid adieu  
 To Gebir, *Gibberish*, and you,  
 And jog away with Paddy Hew;  
 Forsake your swelling muse of mud  
 Till we get farther on the road;  
 When, should our stout Pegasus flag  
 We'll mount the broken-winded hack,  
 Just for a stage or so, and then  
 Remount and ride our own agen.  
 Where was I? O! Hew had the power  
 To look abominable and sour,  
 He was an adept at romancing,  
 At singing, cudgelling and dancing;  
 He often feign'd the loss of wits,  
 And fell down in affected fits;  
 Such dismal stories he would tell,  
 That some believ'd he'd been in hell,

And rose again like Æneas, cram'm'd  
 With the dark mysteries of the damn'd.  
 He'd other qualities and graces  
 Which will hereafter show their faces  
 At many diff'rent times and places.

The next in rank—don't hem and haw,  
 My muse, but tell us of Jack Straw,  
 Brought up at one time to the law,  
 And there he learnt to wag his jaw,  
 To chat and jabber like a daw;  
 Whereby, whereas, *forsooth*, and pshaw!  
 So eloquent he was—*O law!*  
 He'd been in battles, never shrunk,  
 Or car'd two pins about his trunk,  
 Especially when he was drunk.  
 He prov'd himself in every war  
 To be a true-born British tar;  
 And saying that, is going far.  
 He had engag'd and put to flight  
 The ghosts and goblins of the night,  
 And oft disturb'd the wanton revels  
 Of buggaboos, and eke blue devils.  
 'Twixt him and Paddy Hew existed  
 The bonds of friendship, tightly twisted,

But Sol will often melt hard wax,  
 As often would these bonds relax ;  
 By dint of Paddy's red-hot brain  
 They were divided oft in twain ;  
*A breeze* united them again  
 And brac'd them up as tight as ever,  
 As often as they might dissever :  
 Ay! me! how wonderfully clever!  
 Next comes rough, rugged Ironside,  
 Whom Paddy Hew could not abide ;  
     A fighter and a writer,  
     A preacher and a teacher,  
 A seaman too, he'd reef and steer,  
 Hard a-weather, and come no near,  
 He'd veer about, box haul, and stay,  
 Brail his mizen and bear away,  
 Splice main-brace, or make a knot,  
 Rig out a mast, or sling a cot ;  
 Knew how to wharp, or take out towline,  
 And where belay the spritsail bowline ;  
 Could make all sorts of knots and splices,  
 And many other rare devices ;  
 Rig lower or topsail yards with blocks,  
 And heave ships out and into docks ;

He'd work an azimuth, or lunar,  
 As soon as Norie could, and sooner ;  
 Astronomy he understood,  
 And tried to find the longitude ;  
 Opinion he would not resign,  
 Even to royal Maskelyne \*.  
 He knew the moon's age by her southing,  
 Could cast out devils by deep mouthing ;  
 He'd write a sermon, chant a homily,  
 Or plead a cause like Samuel Romilly.  
 Astrol'gy, which few sages know,  
 To him was plainer than a cow ;  
 The compass too, its variation  
 He found, and got the thanks of nation :  
 He laid before the British Senate  
 A plan of Jupiter the planet,  
 And swore to prove his royal highness  
 Led mariners astray, by blindness,  
 And hop'd to send him to the devil  
 Out of the almanack of *Nevil* ;  
 He said 'his satellites were devils  
 Who play'd about him wicked revels,

\* The astronomer royal.

Wonder'd how men of sense had patience  
 To peep at their configurations ;  
 He got a bill drawn up by Daunsey's  
 Clerk, and gave it to Sir Francis,  
 Who begg'd and pray'd the Commons House  
 The lights of Jupiter to *douse* ;  
 This bill was favour'd, but authority  
 Royal, damn'd it, by majority.  
 This Ironside had virt'ous qualities,  
 With oddities and damn'd frivolities  
 Clinging so close to him, that some  
 Believ'd his senses gone from home ;  
 There never was an odder mixture  
 That held together as a fixture.  
 The hair of this undaunted *bleacher*,  
 On shoulders hung like barrel preacher.

While'ere.

But now he did belong to *hooker*,  
 'Twas twisted pig-tail, stiff as poker :

How queer!


With visage knowing and as *bluff* as  
 Baker's bread—a quartern loaf is ;  
 A little fiz-gig, Sanco Panza,  
 About the size of him I fancy.

He'd suffer not the least insult  
 Without the terrible result  
 Of wounds, or death, which often spring  
 From honour and from duelling ;  
 His greatest glory was a riot,  
 He damn'd all unity and quiet,  
 For quarrels he was never shy at,  
 But liv'd upon 'em as his diet ;  
 Happy he was when carrying on  
 The war against a haughty don,  
 The greater power his foe possess'd,  
 The greater pleasure he express'd,  
 But when he came to fight a foe  
 With words, to leeward he would go,  
 And haul his flag down to submit  
 His conquer'd carcass at his feet ;  
 But if he had a strong ally  
 Supporting him, he'd sooner die  
 Than yield on any terms whatever—  
 This was the humour of the *shaver*.

Now for a maid of high renown  
 Who wore a crimson velvet gown,  
 Trimm'd with rich laces brought from France  
 By Commodore *Nathaniel Dance*,



Or some one else, it was so fine  
Folks thought it made by hands divine;  
And every eye  
As she pass'd by  
Would envy her and follow her,  
And mouths beside  
Were open wide,  
As if they wish'd to swallow her :  
And every ear  
Was ope to hear  
The music of her clapper,  
And every tongue,  
As she went along,  
Cried—damme! what a whapper !  
This scarlet gown she always wore  
Both day and night, and never tore,  
There was an opening before  
Which in cold weather button'd o'er,  
There was a short one too behind  
But neither button'd or confin'd,  
In which her pocket us'd to hang;  
And it was fun,  
When she did run,  
To see it thump about and bang,



Sal Wattle was this lass's name,  
 A shocking ill-contrived dame,  
 Who plum'd herself not on her phiz,  
 But on her dignity and wis-  
 Dom, wit, pedigree, and station,  
 Her jewels, riches, education;  
 In short, this Babylonian ghost \*  
 Made much of all she had to boast:  
 A strange compound, like fire and water  
 Of jarring, principle and matter.  
 A jealous overbearing pride  
 With selfish meanness by its side,  
 And spite, unconquerable and wide,  
 Possess'd the dame without control,  
 And rode triumphant o'er her soul.  
 This lass was airy, light and frisky,  
 By drinking brandy, gin, and whisky;  
 Scandal, that good-for-nothing gipsy,  
 Pretended she had seen her tipsy;  
 This might be true, for it appear'd  
 Self-evident she had a beard.


\* What people in the world are the greatest talkers?  
 —A puzzle for the ladies.

C. LARK.

'Tis said by modern philosophers,  
 That drinking gin will beat the coppers,  
 And make stout men grow thin and spare  
 While grey and stiff becomes their hair.  
 If so, why should not womens' grow  
 Quite stiff, and long enough to mow ?  
 'Tis by analogy we know,  
 And find out things of great importance  
 And make experiments and fortunes ;  
 " Lather well your dimpled cheek,  
 " Shave your sleek beard off once a week,"  
     Ye votaries of the bottle,  
 Says fashion ; and who dare break  
 Her rigid rules, so arbitrary ?  
 Few, very few indeed ; but Sarah,  
     But valiant Sally Wattle,  
 Who vow'd she'd never be confin'd  
 By any fashion of the kind ;  
 She'd cut her beard whene'er she chose  
 To cut her corns, or trim her toes ;  
 And she was regularly clean  
 In this particular I ween ;  
 Her count'nance haggard, sour, and weezon  
 Was, and had the power of freezing ;

Her mouth was large, and such a wry one,  
As mortal man ne'er clapp'd his eye on ;  
It might, in grinning thro' a collar,  
Beat any adversary hollow ;  
In fact, it was of such a shape,  
Whene'er she open'd it to gape,  
That many did mistake it for  
A turbot's dislocated jaw ;  
Some said 'twas twisted by distemper,  
Ironically call'd sweet temper ;  
Another clan abused her tongue,  
Because her mouth obliquely hung,  
As if by lying it was wrung ;  
How 'twas, it is not ours to say,  
Let each man have it his own way ;  
We can assert it was compos'd  
Of lips that never could be closed ;  
The upper one o'er-hung the cell  
Call'd mouth, just like a ding-dong bell.  
Some said, because she often fed  
On flinty cheese and crusty bread,  
Her teeth were broken down to stumps,  
And she did mumble with her gums,

Until, to stop the jarring contest  
 Of nose and chin, she sent for dentist,  
 Who screw'd a fresh set in her jaw bones,  
 With which she afterwards could gnaw bones ;  
 That they were fixed in so tight,  
 And look'd so very sharp and white,  
 That many started, dreading bite,  
 (At least, whene'er this valiant hunk  
 Was passionate and cross as tongs.)  
 If this be true—alas ! dame nature,  
 Compar'd with art's a sorry creature.  
 Her ears were edgeless, blue, and bony,  
 Parch'd as a piece of macaroni,  
 Spreading they were, or else the shears  
 'Twou'd be suppos'd had spoil'd her ears ;  
 Her nose was made by Taliacotius  
 Quite thin, to snuffle at ambrosia's ;  
 And rumour did report, it was  
 Compos'd of parchment and of brass,  
 Because she us'd it oft to hail,  
 As we do trumpets in a gale ;  
 And it would sound just like the drone  
 Of an old bag-pipe out of tune.



On starboard side, of various shapes,  
 There grew a living bunch of grapes,  
 And underneath her larboard ear,  
 To balance them, a mellow pear ;  
 This proved her head so full of fruit,  
 That these, by force, were crowded out.  
 Long legs she had, and did not waddle,  
 As many ladies do, but straddle.  
 In crossing mountains she would cope  
 With fleetest, long-legg'd antelope ;  
 Whene'er she came to swamp or ditch,  
 She would stride o'er it like a witch ;  
 The wind would make her canvas float  
 Sometimes, and rend her petticoat ;  
 But she was brave, and did not care  
 For any thing which happen'd there,  
 Or thereabouts ; for nought could touch  
 Enchanted gown she lov'd so much :  
 Whatever enemy might snarl at,  
 Secure from all attacks was scarlet,  
 As sacred as the P—— C——.  
 Her golden hair hung down her back,  
 Glitter'd the curls upon her neck,

In beautiful disorder,  
 You would have thought she wore the gable  
 End of a fagg'd-out, coir cable  
 Upon her well-set shoulders,  
 And the colour  
 Was so yellow,  
 Astonish'd stood beholders ;  
 Her arching eyebrows proudly grew  
 O'er eyes so beautiful and blue.  
 These eyes, so full of darts and daggers,  
 Did give bold Paddy's heart the staggers ;  
 And more so when he knew the owner  
 Was a thirty thousand pounder.  
 Cold Iron also felt their power,  
 Began his rusty hide to scower,  
 He warm'd and brighten'd every hour  
 At length he did begin to burn  
 Fierce, as a red-hot poker turn.  
 His soul and body caught the fire  
 Of uncanonical desire ;  
 This warlike man and Paddy Hew  
 Could never meet, but out there flew  
 Reproaches vile, and threat'nings awful,  
 With hardy cuffs and kicks unlawful,

They rush'd courageously to battle,  
All for the sake of Sally Wattle.

Roderick on Iron did attend,  
As aider, counsellor, and friend ;  
He, headstrong, stubborn, full of gall,  
Rawbon'd, sturdy was, and tall,  
And would eat the devil and all ;  
He was a gormandizing sinner,  
And never came too late for dinner ;  
Whene'er he got into a field  
Of argument, he'd never yield  
Tho' wrong, his mind would scorn to alter,  
But held it out just like Gibraltar ;  
For the more he was confounded,  
The louder jaw artillery sounded.  
Great Paddy Hew, the Commodore,  
On one account was very sore,  
For he imagin'd that the lady  
He long'd for, dearly, as a *pay-day*,  
Regarded not the ardent love,  
Which made his bosom beat and move,  
But that she cast a sheep's eye wanton  
On Ironside, a man of canting,



Who strove to get, by a reversion,  
 Possession of her goods and person.  
 To controvert this action, he  
 Issued the following decree :

## ORDER.

*On service* this to Ironside  
 Which he'll obey, or else be tried.

I hereby order and direct  
 That you entreat me with respect,  
 And that you quit on the receipt  
 Of this, all claims (however great  
 In your opinion) to my sweet,  
 At once all thoughts and vain pretences,  
 And I will pardon your offences ;  
 If not, your wild extravagances  
 Will meet from me, the Commodore,  
 Displeasure great and vengeance sore.  
 You are allow'd to pay addresses  
 To any other, not my mistress,  
 Quite quiet, undisturb'd, and easy,  
 For be assur'd I'll never tease ye.

Should you comply with this desire,  
 'Tis every thing that I require ;  
 Swear you will never more offend her  
 By calling her by nick-names tender ;  
 Surrender all your claims, unfounded,  
 Which have too long her bosom wounded :  
 In fact, they are so prejudicial  
 To all authority official ;  
 So much against subordination,  
 Kept up by military nation ;  
 Threat'ning at once to send all naval  
 Order and discipline to devil ;  
 To fly in face of law, and fight  
 'Gainst common sense and reason right ;  
 That I'm determin'd to astonish  
 A crime so flagrant, and to punish  
 With my revenge and wrathful might,  
 Unless you now renounce her quite.  
 These, sure, are reasons strong and weighty  
 To induce you to forswear the lady ;  
 And if you are possess'd of senses,  
 Half as good as Sanco Panzas,  
 You will at once give up pretences,  
 If not, I'll make you with a vengeance !

At peril badger her and bait her,  
 Henceforward, hoary-headed traitor !  
 Take timely warning, and eschew  
 The evils which now threaten you !  
 I seal and sign this—Paddy Hew.  
 This having read three times, and scratch'd  
 His head, he seal'd it, and dispatch'd.

When Ironside receiv'd the mandate,  
 He read it three times o'er and damn'd it ;  
 Thought he, this man behind the hedge is  
 Trying to weather us, by kedges,  
 To hem us round and to besiege us.  
 To undermine with desp'rate sappers  
 Of serpents, squibs, and noisy crackers ;  
 And blow us up by loud explosions  
 Of frightful, military notions.  
 But cunning arts will ne'er compel  
 Me to renounce what I love well,  
 The *fortune* of my charming Sall—  
 A rich provision'd citadel.  
 To give it up to the embraces  
 Of one who such an ugly face has—  
 Absurd, ridiculous, and base is.

I'll keep her therefore, aye, in spite  
 Of all the orders he can write.  
 With that he sent a weapon missile,  
 That is, he wrote him this epistle,  
 Which gall'd him like a Scottish thistle.

IRONSIDE'S ANSWER.

Whene'er you feel the itch of writing,  
 Take care, for oft it leads to fighting ;  
 And many a dire mishap has follow'd,  
 And men as well as eels been collar'd.  
 Tho' I'm so short, great Paddy Hew,  
 You'll find I'll quickly collar you :  
 Then should I make you cold and stiff,  
 Your friends will all say, dear ! that if  
 You never had been taught to write,  
 You never would have died in fight.  
 Your order has my senses stagger'd,  
 It is so very, very awkward ;  
 Tho', as it comes from such a braggart,  
 I look upon it as a maggot ;  
 And shall no more attention pay to't  
 Than this—which is, that I say nay to't ;

In all its tenses, modes, and touches,  
 As if it came from my man Hodges,  
 Or from an old bed-ridden Duchess.  
 How could you bring forth a production  
 So gothic, barbarous, and Saxon?  
 Such nonsense absolutely shocks one.  
 As for your threats, they are a Tartars;  
 They do surprize, but cannot start us;  
 For you less spirit have than cart-horse;  
 I therefore on 'em place no value,  
 When put into the scale with Sally;  
 Whom I shall hold fast in my arms  
 For all she's worth to me—*her charms!*  
 Bear her caresses, smacks and kisses,  
 Altho' you claim her as your mis'ess;  
 And feel 'em sweeter for this reason,  
 She loves me better than a heathen.  
 I'll call her sweetheart, dear, and darling,  
 In spite of jealousy or snarling;  
 I'll have the lady and her riches,  
 Before I pull off these—my breeches.  
 Before the first of next December,  
 I'll be a House of Commons' Member.  
 I'll roll about in gay barouches,  
 In landaus, carriages, and coaches;

And should you e'er come on my grounds,  
 I'll set my dogs on you,—my hounds.  
 I swear to this, so pray remember,  
 My Commodore, your head's a timber.

\* \* \* \* \*

About this juncture Paddy wrote  
 The following admirable ode;  
 In hopes 'twould either overcome  
     His charmer,  
     Disarm her,  
     And warm her,  
 Or burst upon her like a bomb.

### ODE,

FROM PADDY HEW TO SALLY WATTLE.

With authority though I am blest,  
     I sigh to the heave of the billow;  
 And at night tho' I lay me to rest,  
     I'm tortur'd to death on my pillow.  
 I'm sorely oppress'd in my cot,  
     Fresh torments I daily endure;  
 So cruel and hard is the lot  
     To love without hope of a cure.

My appetite now is annoy'd,  
 I scarcely can eat a potatoe ;  
 All hope in this world is destroy'd ;  
 She's senseless to me and to nature.

My legs are both worn down with grief,  
 My eyeballs sunk deep in my head ;  
 No food gives my stomach relief,  
 I'm sure I had better be dead.

I oftentimes sport with my life,  
 Determin'd to cut thro' my weason ;  
 But—feeling the edge of the knife,  
 It quickly restores me to reason.

“ Let me have,” says sweet Sally, “ of men  
 The older, the better they be ;  
 One of sixty—or three score and ten,  
 Or thirty years older than me.

I perceive, as the older I grow,  
 Young men are deceitful and evil,  
 And had I my will now—I vow  
 I'd bundle them all to the devil.

Of the young ones, ye spinsters, beware,  
 And cleave unto those that are sage  
 Thro' life ; be it always your care  
 To trifle and toy with old age.

With them there is happiness found ;  
 In the arms of an old man I'd glory ;  
 His mind is so moral and sound,  
 Yet he'll tell you a rigmarole story.

Of a young man I'm sorely afraid ;  
 But a lively, facetious, old fellow  
 Is the very best thing for a maid,  
 Especially when he is mellow."

Why should Sally Wattle, so prim,  
 Divest herself wholly of joys?  
 And mould her affections to whim,  
 Which life's sweetest comfort destroys ?

Your words, my sweet Sally, like daggers,  
 So strange, so uncommon, and new,  
 Have giv'n me a stroke like the staggers,  
 I shall *kick the bucket* for you.



For my heart is all over a pang,  
 My liver begins to be sore,  
 My skin 'bout my carcase doth hang  
 As dry as a chip on the floor.

My tongue is parch'd up like a pea,  
 My kidneys no bigger than hazels ;  
 I have scarcely the heart of a flea,  
 And my nose is as sharp as a weazels.

My teeth now begin to decay,  
 Are turning as yellow as gall ;  
 And my body is wasting away  
 To nothing *at all—at all.*

---

Iron and Roderick, in high feather,  
 Went cruising mad on shore together ;  
 (But when was this, and where about ?  
 I must not tell you that I doubt)  
 Their senses visibly diminish'd,  
 Having with wine their dinner finish'd  
 Forthwith they sally'd with a will  
 To search adventures, time to kill ;

To kick up rows with all land lubbers,  
 A good-for-nothing set of swabbers \* ;  
 And cry huzza! my jolly boys,  
 Let's keep it up, and make a noise.

\* \* \* \* \*

They thought thus much perhaps, and more,  
 As the green cutter drew near shore  
 With her rich lading, and at last  
 Leap'd plump ashore, and made her fast.  
 They saw a tent with some one in it  
 Before they'd landed half a minute.  
 It is, perhaps, a sly retreat  
 Of foes, and we may have a heat ;  
 Quoth Ironside, if we should take 'em  
 Unarmed, we'll curry 'em and whack 'em ;  
 We'll bang 'em with a two year old,  
 " Bang—bang" their hides like tanners bold.  
 Quoth Rory, what you say is fair,  
 Advantage should be ta'en in war ;  
 Tho' it perhaps may be unwise  
 To steal upon 'em by surprise ;  
 Yet should we take e'm, 'twould be handsome  
 To make 'em pay egregious ransom.

\* The purchasers of my book are not included in this  
 censure.

Should we now get them in our pow'r,  
 'Twould be as well their hides to scour  
 Quo' Iron, and prison 'em in tower,  
 If they take us they'll show no quarter ;  
 I vote to keel haul, under water.  
 Thus chatting on, they nearer drew,  
 And brought the tent to closer view.  
 Ah ha ! quoth Roderick, who is that  
 So busy there, without a hat ?  
 Feeding yon fire, with rotten sticks,  
 Beneath a teapot plac'd on bricks ?  
 Quoth Ironside, my friend, between us,  
 I do conceive it to be *Genus*.

\* \* \* \* \*

We'll tell you more about this man,  
 In the next canto, if we can.  
 He's popt upon us here disguis'd,  
 And taken us aback, surpris'd ;  
 We'll drag him forth to public view,  
 In colours natural and true ;  
 And strip him naked to the skin  
 In hurry, when we once begin.

# **PADDY HEW.**



**CANTO II.**

### ARGUMENT.

Outrageous love makes valiant Paddy  
Write a long letter to the lady.  
Old Iron meets with a mischance,  
Which angers him and makes him dance;  
He is surpris'd and nearly taken,  
And e'en by Roderick forsaken—  
Chas'd by Jack Straw and Paddy Hew,  
But runs 'em quickly out of view.  
(The sudden marriage and departure  
Of Rod'rick's wife, the devil's daughter,  
Is now brought in to fill a nook,  
And to increase the size of book.)  
The substance of a dish of chat,  
'Bout devil, hell, and like o' that,  
Brings Canto second to conclusion  
Abruptly—which is rather too soon.

## PADDY HEW.

---

### CANTO II.

**AND** now the hero, Paddy Hew,  
Saw them *shove off*, his eye askew  
On new-invented patent spy-glass  
He view'd their motions with the eye-glass ;  
Quoth he, they are like foxes vicious,  
And do appear to me suspicious.  
I see their action—now they land,  
And cutting capers are on strand !  
I think I see their rascal faces  
Full of sarcastical grimaces ;  
As well as if I were within  
A boat-hook's length of either's chin.  
Indeed, I prophesy no good  
From those two jokers on the sod ;

Their gestures show, and I am certain  
 They are some wickedness concerting.  
 Some dark and villainous foul play,  
 Perhaps my Sally to betray ;  
 To rob me of my only stay !  
 \* " *Oh heaven!*" to take my life away !  
 But I'll avert the threaten'd mischief,  
 And will cast out like exorcist, if  
 Possible, the sprites infernal,  
 From swine, who *loom* like men external.  
 Let's man the boat, I'll soon be at 'em,  
 And stop the *scandalum magnatum*.  
 Quoth Jack, avast! upon my word  
 To think as you do is absurd  
 In the extreme, for how can we  
 With shadow of propriety  
 Accuse them without any proof ?  
 Tho' I'll admit they're bad enough,  
 And may have something in their *napper-*  
*Cases*, malignant and improper.  
 Can we with justice on our side,  
 Or without consciences belied,

Accuse them of such dark intentions,  
 Of dire conspiracies, conventions ?  
 Because you saw their countenances  
 Change, does it show that their fancies  
 Are whimsical and odd, like Dancey's ?  
 Or that their intellects are frantic,  
 Like ranting Savage, and romantic ?  
 Or Justice What-d'ye-call-'em, Dull ass !  
 Who got the gripes by eating bullace,  
 And cramm'd himself till he was full as  
 Any tick, so when he come  
 To lift his carcase—and his bum  
 From off the legislative chair  
 He did begin to belch and stare,  
 With broad-face writhing in contortions,  
 While he delivered sour abortions ;

In a fury ;

To the jury,

A poor bewilder'd set of whoresons ;  
 Humbugg'd by vague intrusive nonsense  
 Till they forgot their precious conscience ;  
 And did interpret country's laws  
 As if they were made by bashaws,



By sultans, shaiks and Mamalukes,  
And not by commons, lords and dukes.  
Let not our jealous pride and fury  
Mislead us, like the misled jury!  
The spiteful world would always call us  
Ridiculous, and full of malice,  
And shabby people oft would tell us  
That we were very pretty fellows;  
In fact they'd threaten to empale us  
Alive and kicking on the gallows.  
And that would never do at all,  
To have us dance against the wall  
"Close by an old woman's apple-stall."  
'Tis right to guard against all evils  
That may spring from those demi-devils;  
But do not let us rush to arms  
Without a further proof of harms,  
For squalls are not so good as calms.  
Quoth Paddy, true; yet notwithstanding  
I have a mind to keep my hand in.  
Therefore a boat! let's pull ashore  
And this conspiracy explore,  
I'll show myself a commodore.

My rival is a son of a ———,  
A rude ungovernable boor,  
And I will pin him to a door,  
And leave him by the nose to roar  
Until he's sick at the heart's core;  
I'll tell him that, perhaps, and more.  
Avast! before we rush to fight,  
A letter to my love I'll write.  
I've something in my head—a project  
To gain upon my only object;  
Here!—bring me paper, pen and ink,  
I will indite it while I think,  
For if it should escape my noddle  
I lose for ever Sally Wattle.  
When Paddy suffers such disgrace,  
When he t' a rival shall give place,  
May Pluto stare him in the face!  
The devil fetch him!—he no more  
Deserves to be a commodore.  
Then sitting down, with sapient phiz  
He wrote a letter—here it is.

■

## THE COMMODORE'S LETTER TO MISS WATTLE.

Sally, I love you beyond measure,  
 And my heart's a sacred treasure;  
 Richer than gold, yes! I swear it  
 You have won it, you shall wear it;  
 No time or change my love can sever,  
 Sweet girl, I'm chain'd to you for ever.  
 Fix'd is my title to your heart,  
 Too firm for rusty Iron to part.  
 Sally, don't throw yourself away  
 On any pert proud popin-jay,  
 On such a little guinea-pig.  
 But I will singe the parson's wig!  
 The crowing, upstart, little bantam,  
 Shall fly before me, like a phantom;  
 And as a jackal quits his food  
 When beasts approach of better blood,  
 'Tis fit that Iron hearts give place  
 To hearts of oak, a nobler race;  
 I'll have you Sally, aye, in spite  
 Of a notorious Yorkshire bite;  
 Who loves you only for the cash  
 With which he vows to cut a dash,

To polish his corroded coat,  
 And gild himself all o'er to boot;  
 But vain a covering to the crust,  
 He'll still retain the pristine rust;  
 He wants to touch and turn to gold  
 As ass-ear'd Midas did of old,  
 (At least as far as I've been told)  
 To shove his nose into your favour  
 By hypocritical behaviour,  
 And strives your senses to cajole  
 By trick and barefac'd *hyperbole*\*.  
 Casting about his owl-like eyes  
 To make you think him wond'rous wise:  
 And though you love him not, 'tis known  
 You dare not say your soul's your own,  
 But childishly pretend you're smitten,  
 And are submissive as a kitten.

\* Paddy Hew, when a school-boy, was reading to his master (a very learned man) and came upon this *hard* word, which he pronounced *high-per-bool*. "What is a high-per-bool?" quoth Syntax. "I don't know, sir."—"You don't know, sir?—What do you mean by that? Are you not ashamed of yourself? Why suppose any thing you saw was as high as a house, and you were to say, it was as high as a steeple, that would be a *high per bole!*"

C LARK.

Sally—exert your prudent spirit  
 At once, and drive away this fetret,  
 This cunning fox, who prowling came  
 Straight from the north in search of game,  
 And having found you out by nose  
 Would e'en convert you to a goose,  
 And make you lay your golden eggs  
 To stuff his gormandizing bags.  
 This little demi-semi glutton  
 Will ne'er content himself on mutton,  
 Depend upon't, while you've a carp-pie  
 He'll hover round it like a harpy.  
 With grog a'board, and heated coppers  
 He'll lay and bulge in the lee scuppers ;  
 Defile your houses, lands and carriage,  
 And leave you destitute in your age.

This rusty, crusty, fusty sot,  
 Will smell offensive when he's hot ;  
 Besides all this, his fulsome breath  
 Will choke and stifle you to death ;  
 The sight of him I can't abide,  
 Nor bear that you should touch his hide.  
 'Tis hard for me, who am his betters  
 In manhood, person, money, letters,

To be past by as not worth notice,  
 Whilst he, tho' amorous as a goat, is  
 Admitted freely to your graces,  
 Your smiles, your premises and places;  
 And fain would rub his coat of mail  
 To burnish it by your entail.

Oh! banish from your mind this hog  
 That takes you for a *waddling* frog.  
 "Ah! Sal—art thou a shripe for sin  
 To hold her dirty worship in \*?"  
 A heart so hard's not form'd to melt,  
 The power of love it never felt,  
 The social virtues never knew,  
 'Twas money made him fond of you;  
 Then shun the ills that stick like mire on  
 This cold unpolish'd soul of *Iron*.  
 Yes Sally, 'tis in vain to try  
 From me, or from my love to fly;  
 Where'er you go, I'll be about ye,  
 I find I cannot live without ye;  
 Trust me, the sacred powers above  
 Have form'd our kindred souls to love;

\* See Moore.

Then look with pity on my smart,  
 And heal my wounded, bleeding heart,  
 And say, as I'm for ever thine,  
 That you will be for ever mine.

P. S. Ah ! Sally Wattle ! what's the reason  
 You sigh for him apart ?  
 And why allow a guilty treason  
 To rankle in your heart ?  
 The amorous vows he makes to you  
 Reject with all your power,  
 For be assured he is not true ;  
 He smiles—but to devour.

---

Ironside and Rod'rick in th' *interim*  
 Had just advanced pretty near him ;  
 Near who ? Why Genus, who at tread  
 Uplifted quick a nose of red.  
 To snuff, and find out what so rude  
 Had broken on his solitude :  
 Oh Lord ! quoth he, and from the heat  
 He turn'd to make a safe retreat,  
 Asham'd of being seen in pickle,  
 Which might appear to Roderick ill.

For Rory often did advise  
 The youth to act in casualties,  
 Which made him very much respect  
 His honour and his intellect;  
 But thinking he could never screen  
 What had been done, and they had seen,  
 He boldly turn'd himself about  
 At last, resolv'd to stay it out.  
 His hat was not upon his head  
 I think, as I have heard or read;  
 He lifted up his hand to take  
 It off—but finding the mistake  
 He dropp'd, and offer'd it to shake.  
 Proud Roderick would not touch his *flipper*\*,  
 But scorn'd it, as a dirty *nipper*.

Quoth he, You turn'd your back upon us,  
 And run as if you wish'd to shun us;  
 This is a strange dishonour done us.  
 We pay you visits very seldom,  
 And as we find they are unwelcome

\* "How do you do, Tarpaulin?"—"Ah! what! Draky!  
 how do you do?—Where the devil did you spring from?"—  
 "Just arrived from *Balambangan*."—"O! you are? Well,  
 tip us your *flipper*, I am very glad to see you; how did  
 you leave *Conyers*?"

C. LARK.



We'll no more come,  
 But keep at home;  
 We've always treated you with goodness,  
 And will not suffer slight, or rudeness.  
 Sly Genus, ready with pretence,  
 Replied, I meant you no offence,  
 I've great respect for both your honours,  
 Because to me you have been donors:  
 I ran because I was asham'd  
 Of being seen, (or I'll be *jamm'd*.  
 As *Jackson* was, when he was sticking  
 Betwixt the *ensign* and the *rigging*.)  
 In such a mess of fire and smoke,  
 I thought it might my friend provoke  
 'Tis true, or may the next word choke—  
 Stop there! said Rory, that's enough;  
 'Tis needless choking of your luff.

A multitude of words from muzzle,  
 Quoth Iron, will not fill a bushel,  
 And only bother, plague, and puzzle;  
 So say no more about the matter,  
 But drop it—like a hot potatoe.  
 Quoth he, before we make excursion,  
 I've no objection or aversion,  
 To give my bowels some diversion.

I say, I would propose a cup  
 Of tea, to keep our spirits up,  
 For they begin to want a prop,  
 And as I've got an empty crop,  
 I'd like to fill it, if I stop,  
 Out of his bread and butter shop,  
 Unto the very *tiddling top* \*.  
 No sooner said, than it was quick  
 Assented to, by Roderick.  
 It claims, quoth he, my warmest wishes,  
 For I can drink a dozen dishes,  
 And eat my share of loaves and fishes.  
 At this they muster'd round a chest  
 Prepar'd, and for tea-table drest ;  
 When Genus threw across the corners  
 His legs, to do the table honours,  
 Crying, the " Lord have mercy on us ;"  
 And begging both his friends would sit  
 Upon whatever they could get,

\* " Mr. Tarpaulin, how high is *yar* ship's mast ?"—" O  
 very high indeed."—" What ! as high as our church stee-  
 ple ?"—" High as the steeple ! aye ; three times as high."  
 —" O lor ! O lor ! and do you go up to the *tiddling top* ?"

G. LARK.

Rory sat down on log of wood  
 That just alongside of him stood.  
 Old Iron seiz'd a wooden bucket,  
 But sitting down upon it—broke it;  
 And as misfortunes never come  
 Alone, the bucket cut his b—m,  
 Tore his new small clothes in the breech,  
 And painted red his after-leach;  
 As when a boy just free'd from petti-  
 Coats—cries out aloud for Betty,  
 To rescue aukward button from  
 Its hole, with finger and with thumb;  
 She comes too late, he can't contain  
 His early honours from a stain,  
 But stands confest, and looks as if  
 He could not help the dire mischief.  
 So did old Iron stand and stare,  
 As if he could not help it—there!  
 Quoth he, This business is disastrous;  
 Go call a doctor here to plaister 'us.  
 I think some vagabond has done  
 This trick upon me out of fun.  
 Genus, 'twas you, I do believe,  
 I saw you laugh within your sleeve,  
 You plac'd the bucket to deceive

Your betters, and for satisfaction  
I'll bring you instantly to action.

What devil haunts your wayward scones  
To break upon me all at once ?

Quoth Genus ; I ne'er valued swearing,  
Or threats, or conduct over-bearing ;  
Sooner than talk loud, vain, and idle,  
I'd curb my tongue with galling bridle,  
And leave to time to make my hide well.

You've only lost some angry blood ;  
'Twas useless, and may do you good ;

Leap not again before you look,  
For fear of being overtaken

By such another sad mishap,  
For ten to one if you escape  
So lucky as you have this time—

Quoth Roderick, I think it is time  
To stop expected vile abuse

From angry muzzle breaking loose,  
Brace up your jaw and hold your slack,  
Or I will give you belly ache ;

Yet, for the love you do bear me,  
I trust you will not disagree,

But sit you down. At this, they both  
Shook hands together, nothing loth ;  
Their countenances chang'd from woeful,  
To be convivial and joyful.

When Iron thus: My best of fellows,  
Some angry demon had the bellows,  
And fiercely blew the glowing fire  
Of my ill-tim'd, ungen'rous ire.

'Tis strange, suspicion like a demon  
Should haunt a parson and a seaman,  
And lead him into open-war  
With a good friend and brother tar.

How could I thus be led astray  
By wild imagination's sway ?  
How could I think you did intend  
To trick, or to distress a friend ?

But I was smarting with a *splinter*,  
Which still annoys me like a tenter-  
Hook—and I will never venture,  
For fear another splint should enter,  
To make me dance about and canter,  
Like the old mare of Tam O'Shanter,  
Or *cocky* Coates, or master ———,  
Who'd couple well as goose and gander.

My friend, quoth Genus, say no more,  
 But *douse* the shabby trowsers, tore ;  
 Altho' your *after sails* be split,  
 You'll soon be able to refit ;  
 And *rig* yourself *a-fresh* and dashing  
 With these of mine, just come from washing.  
 Come, sit you down, and never mind,  
 The storms of fate are blasts of wind,  
 Which pass by quickly, 'tho' at first  
 They are oppressive and accurst.  
 Quoth Iron, True, my noble Dædal,  
 That observation was not made ill ;  
 And therefore by the powers of Moses,  
 I'll quickly jump into your trowsers.

At length around old *Welch* and *Stalker*  
 They sat, and each became a talker—  
 I'm off again, *my name is Walker*.  
 Meanwhile we'll leave the hero's, three,  
 In perfect humour drinking tea.  
 A fitter time we could not chuse,  
 An episode to introduce.

THE WAY RODERICK WAS FIRST MARRIED,  
AND THE SUDDEN AND STRANGE DEPARTURE  
OF HIS WIFE.

Rory, who often studied ethics,  
Logic, gimcracks, mathematics,  
Grown weary of a lonely life,  
Bethought himself to take a wife.  
He had no friend *ennui* to cheer,  
Or talk to when he drank his beer.  
But Rory, in a ship confin'd,  
Was little vers'd in woman-kind ;  
Had heard of tricking and cajole,  
And husbands led by nose like fool  
He could not bear the thought of horning,  
Or putting up with others' scorning.  
He cried, while sitting by his fire,  
A wife ! a wife ! I do desire ;  
Ye Gods ! I wish ye would vouchsafe  
To grant to me a better half ;  
I'm very tired of being single,  
'Tis like a hermit's life in dingle ;

There *certes*, is no real use  
 To spend one's time so like recluse,  
 At that, he heard a mighty crack  
 Behind his chair, and near his back,  
 And turning round he saw a figure  
 As big as Gabb—a little bigger.  
 Whence came you, sir! quoth he, in fright,  
 My doors are barr'd, my windows tight.  
 It straight replied, From hell I came;  
 Much at your service—Nick my name;  
 I heard you praying to the gods,  
 But they have all left their abodes;  
 Indeed—they've long been out of place;  
 I wish you'd trust to me your case:  
 I've lately bid them stout defiance,  
 And chous'd them out of many clients:  
 What sort of wife is it you drive at,  
 And would be feelingly alive at?

Quoth Rory, You are very civil;  
 I will employ you, Mister Devil.  
 Quite sick of picking and refusing,  
 I'll take one of your worship's chusing;  
 I am not difficult to fix.  
 What age? Not less than thirty-six;



A girl would lead me by the nose;  
 Perhaps gallants would interpose,  
 Which would not suit my 'fancy quite,  
 Having no great desire to fight;  
 Besides, when young, 'they're always gossips;  
 You'd better keep such at your worship's.  
 My wife shall be possess'd of learning;  
 Expert in cookery and darning;  
 Saving, and wise in money matters;  
 Not one that in profusion scatters,  
 Or is too handsome, do you see,  
 To own that she is fond of me.  
 "Enough," quoth Nick, and in his view,  
 He straightway up the chimney flew.  
 Within an hour, or little more,  
 He heard a knocking at the door;  
 Which having open'd, in popt Nick:  
 What! here again, you're wondrous quick!  
 O yes, and I have brought your wife;  
 A charming woman—on my life!  
 She'll suit you well, good sir, I take it.  
 Quoth Rory, Madam, pray be seated;  
 You're mistress here, do as you please,  
 Henceforward I resign the keys;

In short, the pair were married soon,  
And quickly pass'd the honey-moon.

His wife, so blooming and so rosy,  
Did soon begin to fade like posey ;  
Instead of needle-work, her noddle  
Was always full of Aristotle ;  
She'd talk of Hesiod, Aulus Gellius,  
Seneca, Homer, Paracelsus,  
Of Euclid, Plato, Bacon friar,  
Of Puffendorf, and never tire ;  
Declar'd Mandeville, Doctor Faustus,  
Were neither liars, nor impostors ;  
She argued morning, noon, and night,  
As if she'd lost her senses quite.

Whene'er the cookery was bad,  
As many bitter bits they had,  
Most daintily she'd carve and mince,  
And treble diligence evince ;  
Before he could a morsel swallow,  
Tenacious what remarks might follow,  
Lest he should chance to be mistaken—  
Would say, " My dear, it is my making."  
Then he, who dared not disapprove,  
" It is delicious ! O my love !"

And he could easily divine  
 The augur when she mentioned wine ;  
 If cork'd or sour, before he'd try,  
 She'd prove that she knew how to buy ;  
 Talk of the flavour and the smell,  
 As if she understood it well,  
 And so she did—she ne'er would taste,  
 No, “ keep the glass,” 'twere sin to waste  
 On her, who never cared for sherry,  
 Preferring spice and elderberry ;  
 Except, perhaps, when not at home,  
 Poor Rory then foresaw his doom ;  
 She fill'd his glass up to the brim,  
 While loathing shudderings went through him,  
 And ere the potion off he sips,  
 Carefully drawing back his lips ;  
 His cue so cunningly was given,  
 “ Give me the glass,” and now, Oh ! heaven \*,

\* I hope Mr. Moore will pardon the freedom I have taken in adopting some of his expletives, which suit my purpose quite as well as his. And if Rory's dinner, which provokes the first borrowed exclamation, be not so palatable as kissing, the commendation of his conjugal obedience is quite as meritorious as his of conjugal infidelity.

C. BARK.

She'd often when he'd been at home,  
 Declare he'd been abroad to roam ;  
 And thought him amorous as a goat,  
 Whene'er the servant brush'd his coat ;  
 And when he gave her half a crown,  
 She took a broom and knock'd him down ;  
 At last, so abject he became,  
 He neither dared to praise or blame ;  
 And when he spent a shilling—hid it,  
 And boldly swore he never did it ;  
 But her dominion was unripe,  
 While he enjoy'd an evening pipe ;  
 While he could take a lonely walk,  
 Or with a friend (she absent) talk ;  
 Till Rory, tir'd of bother'd life,  
 Did wish the devil had his wife ;  
 In fact, his state became so evil,  
 That it was pitied by the devil.  
 And when, he did begin to pray  
 He'd come and take her quite away.  
 Old Nick arose, at solemn call,  
 And stood before him in the hall.

My friend, quoth he, you soon are tired  
 Of what you long'd for, and desired !

Tired, aye, marry, that I am,  
 I'd rather be a horned ram ;  
 I'd rather have a Lapland witch,  
 Than such a philosophic bitch ;  
 A soldier's trull, a midnight hag  
 From Wapping Dock, without a rag,  
 Than I'd remain with such a rib ;  
 Her tongue's intolerably glib ;  
 Her peevish, everlasting chat,  
 'Bout reason, right; and lord know's what—  
 In short—she is a very cat.  
 The most untoward, awkward beast,  
 That e'er robb'd mortal man of rest.  
 I'd sooner be tied to a tigress,  
 Or wed a woolley-headed nigress.  
 I wish that she would bend on books  
 Some of her nasty crabbed looks ;  
 Or take in something else delight,

“ — I — ”

Might then be absent from her sight  
 One moment, for I'd rather die  
 Than thus at my subjection blush ;  
 But she is coming—hush ! O hush !

My friend, quoth Nick, indeed you're wrong,  
 T' expect a wife without a tongue ;

At such an age, when they've a smatt'ring  
 Of learning, they are always chattering ;  
 And thirty-six is much too old  
 To turn, to soften, or to mould ;  
 Believe me, all young men are asses,  
 Who will not marry to young lasses.  
 You're well dispos'd, so now to please ye,  
 I'll of the burthen quickly ease ye.  
 And now he popt her in a sack,  
 And flung her crossways o'er his back,  
 Then vanish'd with the precious pack ;  
 While Rory clapp'd his palms for joy,  
 And cried, Well done—my nice old boy!!!  
 The next helpmate I lay my hand on,  
 Shall have a proper understanding ;  
 She shall not be a frouzy hunks,  
 With such a pair of noisy lungs.

---

The sun was now descending west,  
 And horizontal clouds were drest  
 With *Orange Booven*, blue and red,  
     So beautifully free,  
 The gold that glitter'd round his head,  
 Gilded the curtains of his bed,  
     And shone upon the sea.

In short, on board, eight bells had struck,  
To correspond with four o'clock.

Good humour now was fore and aft,  
They sung, and whistled—Rory, laugh'd ;  
He'd bolted down six cups of tea,  
And swore it was the best bohea ;  
Its flavour finer was by goles  
Than any brew'd by Duchess ———.  
When rising up in haste amazing,  
Quoth he, I hear the water splashing  
By all that's wretched ! this is crazing.  
Our enemy is hove in sight,  
And we shall have a running fight.  
Here's Paddy Hew, the commodore,  
In force advancing to the shore,  
With his *sheet anchor* and main stay,  
Jack Straw—we'd better bear away,  
For they're equipp'd with desp'rate hangers,  
And coming purposely to bang us !  
Quo' Iron, Let us run all hazards,  
At all events, to save our mazzards ;  
With oaken towels let's attack 'em,  
And fortune on our side—we'll whack 'em.  
Whack 'em ! quoth Rod'rick, 'tis *nonsens*  
To think about it, and your own sense

Should tell you so ; but yon, hot-headed,  
 Would rush upon 'em, both unaided  
 By cutlass, tomahawk, or pistol ;  
 We might as well attempt to whistle  
 A gale of wind, or try to blot  
 The sun out, by a powder plot:  
 Are oaken cudgels to be trusted ?  
 To fight, on purpose to be worsted,  
 O foolish ! you're as thick as mustard,  
 And court a flogging, like a custard ;  
 All this is only courage boasted,  
 They'll hack us till we be almost dead ;  
 D'ye think I'll stay to be rib-roasted ?  
 I never will, unless I'm forc'd to't,  
 If I do, may I be bursted.

Quoth Ironside, I do admit  
 The advice you give hath *lots of wit*,  
 To some it would be very fit ;  
 But the disgrace I cannot swallow,  
 As it would choke me under collar ;  
 Let's keep besiegers at a distance,  
 By stout and formidable resistance ;  
 Let's try our fortune and their kidney,  
 Before we steal away—Sir Sidney.



Quoth Roderick, Your nice idea  
 Of honour, shines distinct and clear ;  
 But to my mind, it is a failing  
 To stick at honour unavailing.  
 On which he quickly turn'd his back,  
 And made himself off in a *crack*,  
 As if they were close at his back,  
 Whilst Iron gather'd up the slack  
 Of jaw, and cried out, Fly you *shack* \* ;

\* Fly, inglorious coward, fly !  
 Die wretch ! upon a dunghill die !  
 The odds are fearful, two to one,  
 But I will sooner die than run.  
 With that he brandished shillaly  
 As if he meant to stand the sally.

Quoth Genus, This is very hard,  
 You know, I must be on my guard ;  
 I'll interfere with neither one  
 Or t'other, till the fight be done ;  
 But I'd advise you not to stay ;  
 Better lose honor than the day ;  
 In fact you'd better edge away ;

\* " Why dear me, *sars*, tho' Mr. Tarpaulin, that Buo-  
 naparte is a sad fellow !—a sad *shacky* fellow !

C. LARK.

It shews no sense to court a beating,  
When you can 'scape it by retreating.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ What spirit is it in the haze ?

Poor Ironside is in amaze.

He thinks his time's already come,

And die he must, so far from home.

It is the flying Dutchman's head

That fills him with such mighty dread ;

He views her sails—her rigging—hull,

With every thing complete and full,

As when before i' the Antelope

He weather'd it and Cape Good Hope.

Genus, a rustling hears—is eager,

But hears no voice, nor sees a figure ;

His teeth now chatters—bones are loose,

And now he hisses like a goose,

While flying Dutchman thus broke loose.

*Flying Dutchman,*

Iron ! Iron !

*Ironside,*

Art come for my life ?

*Flying Dutchman—*

No—to give thee a wife.

I left her sobbing, sad at home,  
 For fear that you would never come.  
 She is a well-apportion'd maiden,  
 Though now alas! quite sorrow laden;  
 For Sally chokes with heavy sighs,  
 She wipes her nose and rubs her eyes;  
 Tho' you're a parson and a seaman,  
 She doubts you're after other women;  
 For days sometimes she sits and *skulks*,  
 And servants of their wages mulets,  
 And will not talk to other folks,  
 Or if she does, she calls them *hulks*;  
 Like one beside herself she scolds,  
 And calls the maids blackguards and fools;  
 Or, mastiff-like, at music howls,  
 Then throws herself on floor and rolls,  
 And calls down *blessings* on their souls,  
     Why, Oh! Iron, fight fool-hardy,  
     Sally Wattle doats on thee,  
     Take thy carcase from jeopardy,  
     Now it is thy turn to flee.  
 Oh! fly away with nimble feet,  
 Or Paddy Hew will have thy sweet\*."

\* See the River and Mountain Spirit, in the Lay of

At this he clapp'd his hand on sconce,  
 And summon'd all its wit, at once ;  
 He gave his cannister a shake,  
 Rousing his lazy brains to wake ;  
 To solve him, whether it were best  
 To trust to heels or try the test,  
 And face 'em boldly like a Polish-  
 Lancer—" no ! " they answer'd—foolish,  
 " To save your bacon, shew your tail,  
 " And clap on every stitch of sail."  
 Down went his helm in haste—he tack'd  
 About, for fear of being whack'd.

Reader, you've often seen a dog,  
 Surnam'd a pointer, wear a clog ;  
 When freed from that, you've seen him spy  
 And stare at birds, with steady eye  
 As if surpris'd, but when they fly  
 Spring on them most courageously :  
 So did our heroes stare at Iron  
 At first, and stood as bold as lion ;

the last Minstrel. The author thanks Mr. Scott for the loan of these immaterial bodies, or rather for the idea which they suggested of the flying Dutchman, the identity of whose appearance may be certified by every one who *doubles the Cape*.

C. LARK.

But soon as e'er he tack'd about,  
 They sprang upon him with a shout,  
 And did give chase, but ah ! and oh !  
 They could not overtake their foe ;  
 For Iron beat as much at running,  
 As they did him in trick and cunning.  
 He found his comrade under bushes,  
 In dainty bed of mud and rushes ;  
 His body buried, but his head  
 Appear'd—just rising from the dead.

Sure I'm deceiv'd ! what is't my orbs  
 Behold—disgrac'd by filthy daubs !  
 Alas ! 'tis thee ! 'tis thee ! my comrade !  
 O this is wretched !—this is damn-bad.  
 Quoth Rory, Hold your tongue, you cake,  
 Hush ! what a thund'ring noise you make !  
 Do'nt fret and stew—'tis all my eye,  
 And will rub off, as soon as dry.  
 I thought 'twas your intent to stay,  
 And hold it out like Gen'ral Rae ;  
 But now they'll follow us, you fool,  
 And find us in our lurking hole.  
 You see, quoth he, the mud and dirt,  
 Do fit me like a *purser's shirt*.

Ah ha ! my friend, I'm glad to find  
 That you possess so high a mind  
 As not to be cast down by ill-  
 Luck, a very bitter pill,  
 For tho' your head is near the mud,  
 Your wit is clear, and very good ;  
 You've stow'd away in such a nook,  
 The de'il can't find you, shou'd he look ;  
 I never saw a birth more snug  
 Than this, to hide away from bug.  
 With that he laid in haste the stack  
 Of's limbs abreast of Rory's back :  
 And here they wallow'd like two hogs  
 When Sol is hot, in dirty bogs.

Meanwhile the foe arriv'd, and halted  
 At tent, quite tired—but exalted  
 With self-importance, talking loud,  
 At having chas'd a foe so proud.  
 Quoth Genus, Gem'men, I'm your fervent,  
 Your most devoted, humble servant ;  
 What piece of work is this—and rumpus,  
 That makes you puff and blow, like *grampus* ?  
 What is't ? quo' Paddy, by my mistress !  
 I never was in such a distress ;

We have given chase to  
 Ironside, my base foe,  
 My rival in the love of Wattle,  
 We made him tear away—and straddle;  
 But could not o’ertake him,  
 Or near him to shake him;  
 Rod’rick made off too, his adherent,  
 \* A strong man, and a belligerent,  
 They both did *scud away* for fear on’t.  
 Where they are fled I cannot tell;  
 They run fast by you? Aye, *like hell*,  
 But I can’t give you information  
 Of their retreat, or cunning station.

Quoth Paddy Hew, It’s quite enough,  
 You saw the chase, and that is proof;  
 Or else these scoundrels would have gone,  
 And claim’d a vict’ry—not their own;  
 But that you can deny, point blank,  
 Should they e’en *swear thro’ nine inch plank* †.

\* What people in the world are the greatest gorman-dizers?—another puzzle for the ladies.

C. LARK.

† “Capt. Tarpaulin, why are you so passionate? the man only says it is true.”—“I tell you ’tis as *false as hell*.”

Sweet Sally Wattle I'll attack,  
 Convince her that my heart will crack,  
 Unless she'll prove herself more kind  
 For having thus outstript the wind,  
 Chasing my rival Ironsides,  
 Who, like a coward, skulks and hides,  
 Afraid to shew intrusive nose,  
 Lest I should tread upon his toes.  
 She cannot now refuse my suit  
 To take up with that ugly brute,  
 Who dares not face me, or demand  
 His right and title to her hand.  
 We'll fly like couriers o'er the green,  
 And tell my charmer what we've seen ;  
 Let's leave behind us swords and daggers,  
 Because they'll worry us and fag us.

Quoth Jack Straw, Pahaw! we soon may need 'em  
 Tho' conquerors now, excuse my freedom,  
 Should cunning foes find us dismantled  
 Forsooth! we may be roughly handled,  
 For should they nab us now, they'll trim us  
 With cudgels and with tongues blasphemous.

—“ But he says he'll swear to it.” —“ Let him swear; I  
 would not believe him if he was to swear thro' a *nine inch*  
*plank.*”

C. LARK.



Quoth Paddy Hew, They won't attack us  
 While we have trusty sticks to back us,  
 They dare as well *pollute the jar*  
 As meet us mighty men of war.  
 But should the foe be so fool-hardy  
 As bring his neck into jeopardy,  
 I only say that it would be  
 More glorious for yourself and me.

Agreed—together on they trudg'd  
 Exultingly, as may be judg'd,  
 While Paddy's heart, and Jack Straw's too,  
 Were dancing *cock a tee doodle do!*  
 Their inclinations fully bent  
 On Wattle, love and ravishment.  
 This place had very many samples  
 Of open-hearted gen'rous damsels:  
 Jack Straw knew this, and often wish'd—  
 But here, the subject is dismiss'd,  
 Because we cannot now descend  
 On circumstances without end.

They march'd, they talk'd, across the green,  
 Of many wonders they had seen;  
 We heard a part of their discourse,  
 And shall the best of it rehearse,  
 As bad is better far, than worse.

Perhaps our readers would not thank us  
 To give them, their discourse on cankers,  
 On *Cochin* legs—how *Chinese toes*  
 Work in the flesh unnatural throes ;  
 Or eke how Indian blows his nose ;  
 On Persian ladies—how they ride,  
 And Chinese women too—astride :  
 It would be nonsense if unfolded,  
 So in our wisdom we withhold it.

Paddy depos'd that Madras jokers  
 Will swallow swords and kitchen pokers,  
 And stick them in their guts upright,  
 With all but handles out of sight ;  
 Would let 'em there remain for hours  
 But for their strong digestive powers,  
 Lest that the quick corroding bile  
 Begin to eat away and file.  
 They'll make men swallow ostrich eggs  
 And reproduce them on the flags,  
 Then with a *rig-a-dig* and squeak  
 Convert an egg into a snake ;  
 Will make it crawl about and wriggle  
 Before your face, then *rig-a-diggls*

It rolls itself into a ball,  
 Becomes inanimate and small,  
 A ball of yarn, and they will put it  
 Into your hand, that you may cut it,  
 To prove it is no common trick  
 Done by a strolling empiric,  
 But magic power and the black art  
 Studied by them and got by heart.

Jack Straw attended to the tale,  
 Quoth he, It is of no avail,  
 I cannot swallow such an egg  
 Without a hiccup or a gag;  
 But inasmuch as we're in cue  
 I have a story now for you,  
 And pledge my honour for its truth,  
 Of more effect than poor man's oath.

The pious Indians worship cows,  
 Their water drink with open mouths,  
 As it comes reeking forth in torrents  
 With greediness they'll hold out their hands,  
 And then apply them to their fore-ends,  
 They swallow it and smack their gums,  
 And lick their lips and suck their thumbs.  
 Sometimes they'll watch 'em till they stale,  
 And catch it frothing in a pail;

Happy are they who form the ring  
 To dance around it and to sing;  
 Thrice happy they, who can get near  
 Enough to taste this holy beer!  
 Believing that its power supernal  
 Will wash away their sins eternal,  
 Talking of Indians, I can tell  
 Another story—twice as well:

The wand'ring Arab should he ride  
 Across a desert—far and wide,  
 Will not encumber him with victuals,  
 With knives and forks, with pots and kettles.  
 But when he's hungry has recourse  
 Unto the magazine, his horse,  
 And taps him, as we do a puncheon,  
 To draw the blood into a truncheon;

“Then mixes it with barley meal  
 Out of a sack,  
 He makes a cake  
 And eats a deal,  
 Then drinks to end his luncheon.

For horse's blood  
 When mix'd with flour  
 Is very good;  
 In his opinion, to devour.”

He then remounts his horse, to go  
 Eighty or ninety miles or so.  
 I can this curious circumstance  
 With safety as a truth advance,  
 But what you say about Madras  
 Whoe'er believes it, is an ass;  
 It is a wonder past believing,  
 Unnatural, foolish, and deceiving.

Quoth Paddy Hew, Avast! avast!  
 Steady my boy; not quite so fast,  
 You've put your foot in it, at last;  
 A thing is no less true, because  
 It militates 'gainst nature's laws.  
 You're *paul'd*—has not the Hottentot  
 A leathern guard-du-costa, got!  
 A sort of lid to a tin pot.  
 An't this unnatural and queer?  
 And yet 'tis no less true, my dear.

Doom'd once, cried he, by fortune cruel,  
 In the Red Sea to stew like gruel;  
 In fear my teeth, my nails and bones  
 Would pulverize, or turn to stones.  
 'Twas blazing hot, with scarce a well

Of water fresh and drinkable,  
 Whence I conclude 'tis nigh to hell\*.  
 Or how could Mahomet succeed  
 When he could neither write nor read,  
 In spreading his religious evil,  
 Unless by counsel had from devil?  
 He must have been at elbow near  
 To whisper in the prophet's ear;  
 And always ready, with assistance,  
 To help the preacher in resistance.

\* "It is very hot in Spain, an't it, Mr. Tarpaulin?"—  
 "You may say that, ma'am—I will give you an instance—  
 when cruising off Trafalgar once in the *Thunder bomb*, I  
 had a fine little boy on board under my care; it was  
 noon, the sun amazingly hot, and the pitch boiling out of  
 the seams in torrents—I sent for this poor little fellow to  
 see it, that he might have something to tell his friends  
 when he returned—he had not been five minutes on deck,  
 when, to my astonishment, he melted down before my  
 face, just like a tallow candle—I shall never forget it."  
 "Why you don't say so—Spain must be very near the  
 East Indies, an't it, sir?"—"Only a few miles off, ma'am."  
 —"On board of the *Thunder back*, you say, sir?"—"No,  
 ma'am, on board of the *Thunder bomb*."

It is a common saying that there is but a piece of grey  
 paper between the Red Sea and hell.

C. LARK.

And in the heat of his hard fights  
 Would let him kick up hell's-delights.  
 Thus by supporting him in war  
 He always came off conqueror,  
 And made the son of a gun—Mahomet,  
 Shine to the wicked like a comet.

Quoth Jack Straw, True, in my opinion  
 That sea and coast is his dominion,  
 To live there always on the rack  
 You'd need be fire-proof, like Meshach,  
 Abednego, or eke Shadrach.  
 My carcase there did hourly waste,  
 Like *Bombay duck* and quite as fast,  
 When native strings him up by gills  
 And reeking fat runs down in rills,  
 Until it be reduc'd by sun  
 To shrivelled muscle, skin and bone.  
 The scorching heat caused clammy sweat,  
 And I was always dry and wet,  
 Whereby always my shirt, in slack  
 Becalm'd, did stick against my back:  
 Forsooth! 'tis clear his residence  
 Is but few cables' length from thence,  
 Where wicked souls do stink in sorrow,

I've smelt the brimstone of Gomorrah  
 And nipt my nostrils close in horror.  
 The hills did squeak and mountains roar,  
 While sand-blasts swept along the shore.  
 I've seen the fire, rise from the forges  
 Of hell, quite blue among the surges,  
 Which made me clap my helm a-lee  
 Forsooth ! and further stand to sea.

Quoth Pat—I'm glad that our opinions  
 Agree, about the dark dominions,  
 I've seen the devil lift a rapier  
 That flam'd and danc'd and did appear  
 Like ignis-fatuus, or a vapour ;  
 When scudding 'fore the wind nine knots  
 I've seen him fire off red-hot shots,  
 And on an isle receive his patients  
 With smoking hot congratulations.  
 The air was tainted, earth did quake,  
 With blasted blessings in a shake,  
 I scarcely thought myself awake.

Quoth Jack Straw, I believe you're daunted,  
 Or I would tell you of a haunted  
 House—No—I pray have done with this,  
 Or we shall get to worse—I wis.



Thus learnedly they did discourse  
On matters deep and things abstruse,  
Until they came to near the bush  
Beneath which lay their foes besneer'd,  
Disconsolate and half afeard,  
Yet little thinking of the dread-  
Ful storm impending over head.

# **PADDY HEW.**



## **CANTO III.**

### ARGUMENT.

The foe distrest, in puddle hid,  
Reduc'd almost to invalid,  
Rose up surpris'd, when Paddy Hew  
Took fright at horrid interview.  
He saw the devil and his wife,  
Or something like 'em—large as life.  
Jack Straw relates a dream he had  
While he was sleeping in his bed :  
The foe advanc'd, a bloody battle,  
Thick heads resound and cudgels rattle.  
The hist'ry of a little coquet  
Who cheated Jack Straw, like a blockhead  
Comes in, while Paddy gets rib-roasted  
By Ironside, completely worsted.  
And Rod'rick bold, is made to cry  
For quarter from Jack Straw, or die ;  
It was not in his pow'r to fly.

## PADDY HEW.

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### CANTO III.

**T**HE sun had sunk to mainmast high,  
And blazing was the western sky—  
Before we do again begin  
’Twill savour well, and be, I ween,  
Correct—like others to invoke,  
A Muse, to carry on the joke ;  
The Muse to us who’s most in vogue,  
Is spirit—’tis the power of Grog.  
Assist me now, ascend my brain,  
And warm me with thy fire again ;  
Let my ideas quickly flow  
Pure as new milk from Colin’s cow,  
Provoke my mind’s poetic fancies,  
Unlock my heart and wake my senses,

And fill me with that mad disease  
 That "I may sing as I shall please;"  
 All powerful Grog, but grant me this  
 And I shall take it—not amiss.  
 Assist me, gentle Peter Pindar,  
 Strike me a light, my thoughts are tinder,  
 Strike well into my tinder-box,  
 And I will serve it out to flocks  
 Of honest dogs—and wicked rogues.

O thou!—who didst thy muse provoke  
 To puff thee—with poetic smoke,  
 Landor! again I thee invoke,  
 Again I trouble thee, my friend,  
 To lend thy wonder-working hand.

Brave Paddy Hew, led on by fate  
 "And Juno's unrelenting hate,"  
 Or some one's else, (we cannot wait)  
 Advanc'd incautious and unknowing  
 To hush where under hid his foe, in  
 Dire distress, afraid to move,  
 As if dabb'd in by mighty Jove;  
 Talking of past adventures,  
 The fickleness of fortune,  
 Who'd set them on the tenters,  
 And left them to dishearten.

Rory's great heart began to beat  
 An unconditional retreat;  
 Quoth he, I really have a thought  
 That all our lives have past for nought.

Mercy upon us!!

What are honours?

By this disgrace we shall be shorn  
 Of all we've either won or worn.

Quoth Iron, I believe that this pond  
 Is properly the Slough of Despond.

"How quick the moments fly  
 From Time's fast ebbing sand-box;

This life is all my eye,

All my — in a band-box."

So fretting is nonsense, it cannot last long,  
 Our joys and our sorrows are *merely a song*.  
 It would be best, perhaps, and safest,  
 To lift our dirty hands and pray first,  
 Then boldly go and seek for boat  
 To save the dusting of our coat.

But Rory's notion did not *tally*,  
 He swore to pray was shilly-shally.  
 Religion was, he understood,  
 Productive oftentimes of good,

But at this juncture he would say,  
 'Twould cause destruction with delay ;  
 You'd better steal a horse and ride  
 With me along the water side,  
 A long back'd one, we both can stride,  
 And wait there till some boat arrives  
 To save our honours and our lives.

Quoth Ironside, That plan's the worst  
 That ever crazy mortal nurst,  
 Or rock'd in intellectual cradle,  
 Or play'd in brain-pan—fiddle fiddle.  
 I could not bring myself to steal  
 A horse—unless for common weal ;  
 I've better project in my brain  
 Than ever you could entertain,  
 To bring us clearly off from clutches  
 Of these dishonourable wretches.  
 'Tis first of all, this bog to free,  
 Then climb a high and spreading tree,  
 And bearings take of th' enemy.  
 King Charles himself was not disgrac'd  
 By climbing up a tree in haste.

The plan, quoth Rory, for to climb  
 Upon a spreading tree—sublime,  
 Is out of tune and out of time ;

For nothing like a tree is here  
 Unless they pollards are, my dear.  
 You'd better far get on a chimney,  
 For there the smoke might hide and dim ye ;  
 But on the tods above the twigs.  
 We should be seen by wary prigs,  
 And kept up there to starve at bay-o,  
 Unless we did defend like Yahoo ;  
 Therefore you see the plan's ridiculous,  
 And your opinion is as fickle as  
 The horned moon, or changing weather,  
 And wavers like a soldier's feather.  
 Thus one his fav'rite plan brought forth,  
 And t'other said 'twas nothing worth,  
 Each thinking that himself was right  
 Resolved to stay it out, for spite.

Meanwhile, hard by, the haughty foe  
 Advanc'd, with careless step and slow ;  
 And having fairly tired his tongue  
 He whistled as he went along  
 So sweetly, " cock a tee doodle doo.""  
 This was the tune of Paddy Hew,  
 And by his side the bold Jack Straw  
 Began his fav'rite Margery Daw :





This yarn's too fine—I cannot spin it, -  
 Well—and so I'll rest a minute,  
 And introduce  
 A lover's muse;  
 A little sonnet from old Iron  
 To Sal, when he was almost dying.

## SONNET.

Oh! Sally, when you drank with me  
 What rapture fill'd my soul!  
 As in impatient ecstasy  
 I quaff'd the nectar'd bowl.

Sometimes my eyes wide open lay  
 To catch the darts you threw;  
 Sometimes in admiration they  
 Within themselves withdrew.

How did I wish from that repast  
 We might be parted never!  
 How did I hope that hour would last  
 For ever and for ever!  
 I thought at first this was a sonnet,  
 And so 'tis now, for I have done it.

Now with astonishment and dread  
 Roderick lifted up his head,  
 And rising quick on hams, he cried  
 To sticking hero by his side,  
 O Iron! I begin to have qualms,  
 And eke a stiffness in my arms;  
 I wish we'd done with war's alarms.  
 How long shall we be in distress?  
 O fortune! could you do no less  
 Than persecute us? Here's a mess!  
 I see two mighty men of war  
 Bearing right down upon our rear,  
 The very two that we manœuvred  
 Before, and now they'll make us rue for't,  
 Unless we fight as hard as Rupert.  
 I think we'd better, by the mainmast!  
 Make off, and devil take the hindmost.  
 Thus saying, quick he put about,  
 Leaving his friend to stand it out,  
 As many others do, I doubt.

Old Iron struggled in the mud  
 Till rising on his pins he stood,  
 Then cried out, Coward! I suppose  
 The stiffness has not seiz'd your toes,

He took a hasty observation  
 Of th' enemy and situation,  
 The bearings, latitude and distance,  
 Portended favour to resistance  
 If he could only have assistance.  
 He roar'd aloud—Avast! avast!  
 Lay your main-topsail to the mast\*;  
 They're destitute of per'ous mettle,  
 We've now an equal chance in battle;  
 These words so cheer'd the renegado,  
 His heart began a bastinado  
 Against his side, and would have knocked  
 Itself completely out of socket,  
 Had he not instantly determin'd  
 To tack about in another mind.

Quoth he, It never shall be said  
 By man or beast that I'm afraid;  
 We'll face 'em like Britannia's sons,  
 Not fearing death or broken bones.  
 And if they come within bow-chacers,  
 We'll send their wretched souls to *blazers*.

\* That is, to heave too—he wished his friend to stop.

At this, they hove too, in a line,  
To watch the enemy's design.

At their ascension from the mud  
The Commodore in horror stood :

“ His face, forsook

By blood, did look

White as if forsook by blood.

O dear, what pleasure and what ease

It is to sing as people please.”

His two large rolling sky-blue eyes

Turn'd ghastly white in dread surprise,

His teeth began to chop and chatter.

He did, ay me!—but 'tis no matter,

He did become as wet as water ;

His legs and arms did shake and shiver

As if he'd got an ague fever.

Quoth bold Jack Straw,

“ My friend, O law !

Forsooth! you've got the mulligrubs,

I'm sorry for't

With all my heart

And with my tripes and trullibubs.”

O ! tell me what's the matter Paddy,

Why turn you white like Byron's lady ?

From dirty brown to alabaster,  
 What sad mishap, or dire disaster  
 Has put you into such a taking,  
 And set your warlike limbs a quaking?  
 I cannot think what is the matter,  
*I feel a smell like cabbage-water.*

Quoth he, If ever man was haunted  
 By evil spirits, and not daunted,  
 'Tis me! e'en now I saw a sight  
 That would the stoutest hearts affright;  
 I saw two horrid monsters rise  
 Out of the earth with saucer eyes,  
 The head of one was like a horse's,  
 The ears of t'other like jack-ass's;  
 From their wide nostrils issued smoke,  
 And from their mouths loud thunder broke.  
 Instead of hands they'd eagle's claws,  
 In lieu of feet they'd tiger's paws;  
 One of 'em had a flinty jaw-bone  
 And tiger's teeth too, fit to gnaw bone.  
 He shut his mouth, I saw a flash  
 Like lightning with a thunder crash,  
 They star'd at me, then gave a yell,  
 And sunk down to the depths of hell.

"Imagine then my horror and despair,  
To look again and see nobody there!!"

Quoth Jack Straw, These are flights of fancy,  
Romantic wild extravagancy,  
Proceeding from a brain bewilder'd,  
A conscience culpable and mildew'd.  
I do insist 'twas no such thing,  
You were out of your reckoning ;  
I'd pawn my life, if I was dying,  
'Twas nothing but a *Dutchman flying*.  
Deceitful vision, sent to daunt us  
In meteor shape, or *Corpus santos*.  
But yet, forsooth! 'tis passing strange  
You should the tale so well arrange,  
It is so like a dream I had  
The other night asleep in bed,  
So comical, so odd a story,  
Was never surely laid before ye.  
To your attention 't has a title,  
Then listen to the odd recital.

#### JACK STRAW'S DREAM.

I dreamt t'other night as I lay in my cot,  
The devil his paw on my shoulder had got,

And declar'd 'pon his honour if I did not tell  
 Every word about you he would take me to hell.  
 He said you'd committed a great many crimes,  
 Had weather'd his grasp a great number of times,  
 And therefore insisted I'd give him a clue  
 To assist him in clapping his paw upon you.  
 " Confess like an honest man all you do know,  
 Or I'll take you at once to the regions below."  
 A truce, Mr. Devil! I cried, in affright,  
 It is very uncivil to come thus at night;  
 As I have to keep watch, 'tis an ill-natur'd trick,  
 I did not expect you—and indeed, Mr. Nick,  
 There is nothing on earth I so hate and detest;  
 How could you, dear devil, make such a request?  
 Don't take me, I pray, to the pit of perdition,  
 To suffer the pangs of sulphureous ignition.  
 I'll ne'er turn informer, my friend to expose,  
 Whatsoever I know, it is under the rose.  
 And now his dark fiendship seiz'd hold by his claws,  
 And spitefully wagging his terrible jaws,  
 His teeth striking fire at each horrible crash,  
 And his eyes like blue lightning did dismally flash;  
 From his mouth and his nose issued volumes of  
     smoke,  
 And belching up thunder his majesty spoke:

"Consider—I ne'er shall again condescend  
 To ask for the foibles you know of your friend."  
 Avaunt—and don't tempt me, cried I, in decision,  
 And bad him go back to his place in derision ;  
 When he sunk with a bounce and an infernal yell,  
 And left a train burning like brimstone in hell.  
 I started forsooth ! from this horrible dream,  
 But in rising did knock myself down with a beam.

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As when a pig, whose legs are tied  
 Forc'd, and thrown down upon his side  
 By cruel butcher—how he squeals \*,  
 But when the treacherous knife he feels,  
 His eyes are fix'd in silent wonder,  
 Or like a duck's turn'd up in thunder,  
 In dread suspense, as if to know  
 The dire intention of the foe ;  
 So did brave Paddy stare—aghast  
 As Jack Straw spun this yarn out fast.

" \* What noise is that on the forecastle ? " *Fatqua* (a Chinese) answered thus—"The butcher make 'em—kill 'em pig."



Quoth he, Upon my honour sacred,  
 My life hangs merely by a packthread.  
 Should this dire dream, alas! be true,  
 Sally!—my only life!—adieu!  
 For ever snatch'd away from you!  
 It was the devil that I saw,  
 And he is come to clap his paw  
 On me—what shall I do? O lor!  
 With that he hung his head desponding.  
 Quoth Jack, Why man, you're out of sounding,  
 The figures you beheld were carnal  
 And not hobgoblin fiends infernal;  
 They are our enemies—the dastards  
 Look—they're the same ignoble bastards,  
 And have been laying snug in ambush,  
 Watching our motions from that d——d bush.  
 And, now as stiff as midshipmen,  
 They stand to try their luck again.  
 The chief, whose head went round like whizzle-top  
 Before, with rage began to bristle up,  
 His hair, an end, did show like frizzle-top,  
 And's courage came, as 'twere, by whistle up,  
 Much sharper than a prick on thistle-top.  
 The blood began to run its race  
 Through the pale channels of his face,

And in the twinkling of an eye  
 The visage took a crimson dye ;  
 His eyes from languid, pale and livid,  
 Turn'd sparkling, fiery, bright and vivid.

And now the sanguinary hounds  
 Of war were meditating wounds,  
 And dreadful scenes began to rise  
 Of slaughter in the warrior's eyes.  
 Pride, glory and revenge, by turns,  
 The bosom of each hero burns;  
 Grim death, in token of applause,  
 Began to wag his hungry jaws,  
 When Paddy Hew the silence broke,  
 And thus his enemies bespoke ;  
 But not till after they came near  
 Enough, with hearts devoid of fear,  
 To listen to him and to hear.

Ye sweepers, swabbers, base rascal'ons !  
 Dare ye presume to hold war's dall'ance  
 With me, who like the gallant Nelson  
 Send all my enemies to hell soon.  
 Ye skylarks, haymakers and lumpers,  
 For ever kicking up of rumpus,

If that I come athwart your hawse  
 I'll rake ye fore and aft with blows.  
 Dare you now run your necks in danger?  
 Dare you thus agitate my anger?  
 My conquering sword did never yield  
 By fairly fighting in the field.

Quoth Rory, There, my noble skipper,  
 You lie, in style of Thomas Pepper\*.  
 Put that into your pipe and smoke it—  
 You're only fit to laugh and joke at;  
 You never yet did kill a foe  
 By fairly fighting him I know.  
 You bluster, swear, and cut a caper,  
 And all your valour is a vapour,  
 Which only glitters upon paper.

\* Thomas Pepper was kick'd out of hell for lying.  
 "Were you ever in a gale of wind, Captain H—rr—r?"  
 "Yes, ma'am, I was, and a precious one it was too, it blew  
 great guns, in short it blew like *blazers*, we were driven,  
 ma'am, 400 miles in 24 hours, without one stitch of sail set.  
 I happen'd to open my mouth as I was looking over the  
 weather-quarter, and by the piper who played before  
*Moses*, ma'am, the wind blew so fast down my throat that  
 I was obliged to go to leeward before I could shut my  
 mouth—what do you think of that, ho?"

C. LARK.

Solomon says a fool is known  
 By many words, so stop your own;  
 Your rash invective, jaw and bawl,  
 Is longer than a new *cat fall*.  
 Quoth Paddy Hew, And in a trice  
 I'll *raze* you—you long, *long splice*.  
 Ye *gallows scowbanks*! yield to prowess,  
 And claim my mercy, which you know is  
 To my worth and honour equal;  
 Or will you wait the awful sequel  
 Of my vengeance, which I'll wreak well!  
 My honour prompts me now to speak well:

Once for all!

If you submit, 'tis peace; but if  
 Not, war is the alternative!

Quoth Roderick, All your nice pretensions  
 To honour, and your sly inventions  
 To make us think you stick at trifle,  
 Will never do—my good man Blifil.  
 I'll reprehend what's reprehensible,  
 And will defend what is defensible;  
 But you would try, by ways ostensible,  
 To make nonsense appear quite sensible;  
 Convinc'd I will be, by fair reason,  
 Before I send in my *adhesion*.

When Iron—who now *mads a leg*,  
 I am unus'd to fume and brag,  
 Or boast of courage; knight of the crooked  
 And fiery nose, although provoked.  
 But yet, I have a notion mighty,  
 That as we're able now to fight ye  
 On equal terms, you'll get a lesson  
 For being guilty of aggression.  
 I'll never cringe or stoop my head  
 To those whose virtues are all dead;  
 I scorn all paltry knavish tricks,  
 All dirty men's vile politics,  
 Whose little greatness makes 'em proud,  
 Like farmers' landlords, speaking loud  
 To those who are beneath their lashes,  
 Cutting them up like pork in rashers,  
 Or ribbons snipt by *haberdashers*;  
 And who are fond of cutting flashes,  
 Like Slando—with his spatterdashes,  
 Who swagger over doleful dolor  
 To show the world they're men of valour.  
 But who, when higher powers are by,  
 Are still, as pigeons in a pie.  
 It puts me always into vapours  
 To see such jacky's cut such capers;

I can not bring my vulgar feelings  
 To such abominable dealings.  
 Let those who cringe and ask for favour,  
 Think me a curious sort of *shaver*.  
 I scorn their thoughts, their narrow minds,  
 And will not imitate such hinds.  
 I love the man of power, whose heart  
 Is prompt to feel another's smart,  
 Who on the fallen will not trample,  
 But set a generous example;  
 Will succour those who are down-hearted,  
 Oppress'd, distressed, or deserted.  
 Such men I reverence, and will strive  
 To imitate them, while alive ;  
 But never will I stoop my head  
 To those whose virtues are all dead,  
 And you will find we are the boys,  
 Who fear no turbulence or noise.  
 We trust our kidney is as good  
 As the boys of Admiral Hood \* ;

\* Admiral Hood used to call his seamen *boys*. When the term boy is improperly applied, they say he is one of Admiral Hood's boys—(for instance)—“Am I to pay attention to such a boy as Tom Collins?”—“Boy, do you

Our courage is true-blue and Spartan,  
 But your's puff, gasconade and—snorting,  
 Which might be soon cur'd by a *starting*.  
 We therefore scorn to strike our colours  
 To two such precious boasting fellows.  
 Why stare you—wretch! so like an owl,  
 Must I trepan your jobbernoul?  
 Must I become a zootomist?  
 Must I contaminate my fist  
 By handling an ignoble beast?

O yes, I must!

And therefore first

Heave too—and haul down your *Bourgee*.  
 Strike buzzard! strike your flag to me!  
 Dounce it at once! you'll soon be flogg'd,  
 For you're already water-logg'd;  
 Or else we'll quickly dust your jackets  
 With jolly game of *Able-whackets*.  
 With that he lifted up a stick  
 And hit him on the head a lick,

call him? He is one of Admiral Hood's boys."—"How?"  
 "Why, every hair upon his—chin would make a tooth-  
 pick."

C. LARK.

Which would have laid his honour flat  
 But th' intervention of cock'd hat,  
 Which flew from Welsh and Stalker's chest  
 To serve the purpose of a crest,  
 And timely came between the bludgeon  
 To rescue lucky nob from dudgeon.  
 But ne'ertheless he stagger'd back  
 Some paces at the heavy thwack,  
 Which gave him barely time to gain  
 His strength and to fall on amain;  
 And skipping forward gave a blow  
 That made old Iron's blood to flow  
 From the large channels of his nose,  
 In copious streams upon his clothes.  
 But Iron, resolute and eager,  
 Just like another Meleager,  
 Still carried on the war with vigour;  
 He valu'd not the loss of claret,  
 The sight of which infus'd new spirit,  
 And by a well-tim'd evolution  
 Paddy received a sponce contusion,  
 Which threw him into some confusion,  
 And would have lain him at his length  
 Had the blow had sufficient strength;



But fortune favour'd still her man  
 And plac'd the hat between agen.  
 Meanwhile the hero was not backward,  
 But with his stick did hew and hack hard  
 Old Iron's callabash and belly,  
 And would have beaten him to jelly,  
 But that the skull was cudgel proof  
 'Gainst knocks that he could not ward off.

Whilst hardy heads were thus repelling  
 Repeated blows, each blow excelling  
 In strength, the battle fierce began  
 To rage, and man encounter man;  
 And Roderick, with Penang law \*,  
 Severely laid upon Jack Straw.

\* A Penang lawyer is a stout cane; why it is called so I know not; but I have heard it is frequently made use of there, and in many instances with wonderful effect, at all events it can be employed without much expense to the client. I recollect when I was a mid—— on board a frigate, which shall be nameless, the captain, a young blood, was very fond of this lawyer, and always had him in his cabin. Whenever there was a bustle on board, he would send for the lawyer to increase it, calling out to his coxwain—"You Rice!!—you rascal, Rice!! bring up my Pulo Penang lawyer this instant! you sir!"—"Aye! aye! sir!" answered the fellow, frightened out of his wits.—"As soon

Jack Straw also with a Penang-  
 Lawyer began to thump and bang,  
 But they display'd such art in war  
 'Twas hard to guess the conqueror.  
 Roderick the 'vantage had at first,  
 But latterly came off the worst;  
 He gave Jack Straw a lusty thwack  
 Upon his head and made it ake  
 So much—that he fell down on 's back.  
 When Paddy Hew, with voice of Stentor,  
 "For Sally—and my friend I venture!"  
 Then springing, seiz'd with vengeance at  
 Old Iron's gizzard, like a cat,  
 When darting on her prey—a rat,  
 And struck him near short ribs, a podger,  
 So breathless fell th' undaunted codger.

You've slipt your wind, my valiant talker,  
 You're off, I see—"Your *name is Walker*."  
 I thought, quoth he, when I left home,  
 To send your soul to kingdom come.

as my gentleman made his appearance on deck, he began  
 laying about him right and left, starboard and larboard,  
 front and rear, fore and aft, and at all quarters, every  
 body shunn'd him like a devil—he saluted me once or  
 twice with much *humour*, and I must say this of him—  
 he was good for something—and that's more than half the  
 lawyers are.

C. LARK,

Like carrion lie in field of battle,  
 And stink for sake of Sally Wattle;  
 Now I shall revel in her charms  
 While you are left a prey for worms.

This luck increas'd great Paddy's ire,  
 That opening afresh his fire  
 On Roderick, a random shot  
 Knock'd all his senses out—I wot;  
 And headlong fell th' unnerv'd body  
 Upon the earth, all pale and bloody.  
 Jack Straw recover'd, sprang on's carcase,  
 And 'gan to fisty-cuff his poor face,  
 Against the settled law of nations,  
 At least for twenty generations.  
 For when a foe is in distress,  
 Has brought himself into a mess,  
 'Tis mean to take unfair redress.

Bold Mars was nettled at the trick  
 Dishonourable, on Roderick.  
 Therefore, descending from his car,  
 He fann'd the bloody flames of war;  
 Returning strength and sense began  
 To renovate the fallen man,  
 And by a sudden nervous strain  
 He rose, exulting on the plain,

But first by energetic feat,  
Capsiz'd opponent from his seat.

Meanwhile old Iron had recover'd,  
Which Paddy turning soon discover'd ;  
For he advancing was, with menace,  
Again to desperate game of tennis.  
What up again, quoth Pat, I thought  
You had been bulg'd, and set at naught ;  
But you're alive, I guess by looks,  
Although I popt you off the hooks,  
And thought you were a prey for rooks :  
I never heard of such a hoax,  
Indeed I do not like such jokes ;  
It might go down with other folks,  
But me it suffocates and chokes,  
And most amazingly provokes ;  
But look out for your precious limbs,  
Or speedily I'll *douce your glims*.

Quoth Iron, The weather-gage before  
You got by chance, and not by pow'r ;  
You've often clear'd yourself from rub,  
But now I am inclin'd to *snub* ;  
Your *jib bowsed up* for merry jest,  
In brace of shakes shall look N. W.

Then cried with dreadful voice of thunder,  
 "Stand clear below, or, stand right under."  
 And now they ran aboard each other,  
 Grappled, and made a deal of bother,  
 You could not tell the one from t'other.

Reader—'tis hard to paint a battle  
 So well as this was fought for Wattle,  
 For never met such men of mettle  
 On sod, their differences to settle;  
 Such sparring, somersets, and pitches,  
 Such clever floorings and side stitches  
 As would astonish men in breeches;  
 Showing more kidney, heart, and courage  
 Than e'er was known before in our age,  
 Or any other, since old Noah  
 Jump'd in his boat and skulled on shore;  
 Unless we do except Hercules,  
 And Theseus, the prince of bullies.  
 We say 'tis hard to do impartial  
 Justice to deeds so grand and martial;  
 Our humbler efforts would be vain,  
 We therefore quit the task with pain;  
 But as we wish to entertain,  
 We'll tell a story, till the rage  
 And fury of the battle 'swage.

## THE COQUET.

A little Miss lives in the *North*,  
 The greatest coquet upon earth ;  
 She tempts the sparks as they pass by  
 With beck of hand, and wink of eye.  
 Her dad and mam are honest folks,  
 With whom she lives and cracks her jokes ;  
 They brought her over, quite a chicken,  
 From India, 'cause she 'gan to sicken ;  
 Then sent her to a school of boarding,  
 And kept her there till she was fourteen,  
 Then took her home, as hot as *chetna* \*,  
 Lest she should take a trip to Gretna.  
 She felt herself as 'twere bewitching,  
 And could not stomach common teaching,  
 For love her mind was over reaching.  
 All other things to her were stupid,  
 Except the lessons taught by Cupid.

\* An Indian dish, made of dried fish, onions, and cap-  
 sicums, bruised in a mortar together.

Rumour had whisper'd, that her fortune  
 Was worth the trouble of importune.  
 In consequence she'd many suitors,  
 Who came to her in shape of tutors ;  
 Thinking, perhaps, within her arms  
 Were twenty or thirty thousand *charms*.  
 Her dad and mam therefore in dudgeon,  
 For fear she'd make herself a gudgeon,  
 With those who after her were dodging,  
 Resolv'd to keep her snug in lodging.  
 But vain is all parental wisdom,  
 She carried on her tricks and quiz'd 'em,  
 Like Judas, cheated 'em and kiss'd 'em  
 Still—for when they'd taken dose in,  
 And after dinner went a snoozing,  
 She'd shew herself below, within door,  
 And beckon sweethearts at the window ;  
 Make signal to 'em, where to meet her  
 To cosset, and to say things sweet t' her ;  
 And kept 'em waiting behind stable  
 Till she, to get at 'em, was able.

When dad and mam had had their sleep out,  
 She'd beg of them to let her peep out,  
 To take a little exercise  
 Before the house and both their eyes.

Sometimes they'd grant this—when they did  
 She vow'd to do as she was bid,  
 And out she'd sally at the door,  
 As if to walk the house before;  
 Which when she'd done, for once or twice,  
 She'd turn the corner in a trice,  
 And rush into her lover's arms,  
 Who'd praise her beauty and her charms.  
 This pleas'd her much, for she was vain,  
 Tho' she declar'd it gave her pain.  
 If you love me, as I love you,  
 Quoth she, I'll be for ever true,  
 I love you dearly, but my darling,  
 Quoth he, you're cag'd up like a starling,  
 I can't get at you; now you're free,  
 My charmer, come along with me!  
 Another time I will, quoth she.  
 With that she'd take up her old station,  
 And leave her new Adonis gazing;  
 Learning his fortune, name, and rank,  
 And where he lived, which we leave — ;  
 And begg'd that he would correspond  
 With her, because he was so fond,  
 Thro' emissary mistress Bond,



Who'd bring her letters to her maid,  
 Of whom, quoth she, I'm not afraid.  
 Next day she'd have a *tete-a-tete*,  
 With any other unknown sweet ;  
 And many came to her for want  
 Of cash, she'd got upon account.  
 And for her pers'nal charms—her beauty—  
 I will describe—it is my duty  
 To sum up all, by an integer,  
 Perhaps she's now a decent figure ;  
 Tho' when she gets a little bigger  
 And older, she'll be like a *leaguer*,  
 Some people think it is perfection,  
 To have a red and white complexion ;  
 And some again prefer a brown,  
 Because 'tis scarce, and not our own.  
 We can't account for people's fancies,  
 They differ so, it all a chance is,  
 All odd, and whimsical like Dauncey's.

Our lady had an eastern colour,  
 Betwixt a brown it was, and yellow ;  
 The envious sun did shine and burn,  
 To make her visage tawny turn ;  
 And though she carried parasol,  
 'Twas scarcely any use at all ;

She'd sometimes hold up an umbrella,  
 To shield her from th' intrusive fellow,  
 But all in vain, for fierce Apollo  
 Embrac'd her till she grew a sallow.  
 Alas ! alack-a-day—poor Nanny !  
 She was all over mahogany.  
 Some say, she borrow'd it from dad,  
 Whom Sol has treated twice as bad.  
 Her hair was short, and black as jet,  
 Her eyes were black also, and wet,  
 And kept apart like ranc'rous foes  
 On either side the bridge—her nose ;  
 Not like old Putney's arch'd and roman,  
 But angular, and like a guomon,  
 On which there grows a brace of nob's,  
 Related to the ace of clubs ;  
 When starboard eye is roll'd about,  
 She sees the larboard, over snout,  
 Or, *vice versa*, when the larboard  
 Lee lurches, she beholds the starboard ;  
 Her ears, projecting from her head,  
 Are staring wild, astonished ;  
 Upon her upper lip doth grow  
 Mustachoes, black as any crow.

I've heard, her mother dream't, when breeding,  
 That she a China hog was feeding,  
 Or rather sow, all over spots  
 Of shaggy hair, of diff'rent sorts ;  
 For on her head, and on her neck,  
 And on her chest, and on her back,  
 There's many spots, and many blotches,  
 And many party-colour'd patches ;  
 But whether there are any on  
 Her legs, or arms, 'tis known to none,  
 Except her mother, an old dutchess,  
 Who always hid her daughter's blotches,  
 Would shew her blemishes to no man,  
 A proper whimsical old woman,  
 Who look'd upon mankind, as people  
 As useless as a church's steeple,  
 A noisy thing, a bagatelle,  
 And only built to sound a bell,  
 Make it reverberate and swell :  
 All this was true, she knew it well ;  
 And therefore bade her daughter treat 'em  
 As such, and not as if she'd eat 'em,  
 But always try to chouse and cheat 'em.

She kiss'd her mother, as she told her  
 These things ; quoth she, I find the older

In this degenerate world we grow,  
*Probatum est*, the more we know.  
 'Tis certain then, mankind's a pest,  
 A useless, good-for-nothing beast,  
 A criminal, a wanton rake,  
 A base destroyer, and a plague.  
 But mother, don't you think they love us,  
 Although they hold their heads above us?  
 They're always after us, and wooing!  
 Why yes, quo' she, to our undoing.

Why then, quoth Nanny, I abhor 'em,  
 And never will I stand before 'em,  
 Protected—*horum dominorum*.  
 I'll take 'em all in that I can,  
 I'll glory to undo a man.  
 But did you think, when you were young,  
 My father had a viper's tongue?  
 That he, like other men, was wrong,  
 Or that he was a plague and pest?

Quoth she, I put him to the test,  
 And found out that he was the best,  
 The pink and posey of mankind;  
 He leaves them all, far off, behind.

Quoth Nanny then, From what I gather,  
 You certainly took in my father,  
 Altho' the gout has seiz'd his leg,  
 And he can scarcely stir a peg;  
 I will say this, he was a nice one,  
 For any one to clap her vice on.  
 When young, quo' she, he was a beauty,  
 Tho' now he waddles like a newtee ;  
 Alas ! his figure was a good one,  
 Tho' now so like a suet pudding ;  
 Tho' now he is carbuncled o'er,  
 And time has made his temper sore,  
 He was not so, in days of yore.

Thus, once a day, she gave a lesson,  
 To keep her daughter from transgressing,  
 By her example she might profit;  
 No doubt, she was the better of it.  
 She gave her mother many thanks,  
 Yet still she carried on her pranks,  
 And entertain'd as many beaux  
 As she had fingers—aye ! and toes,  
 But who they were, the devil knows ;  
 Repeated signals telegraphic,  
 And carried on a roaring traffic ;

Roll'd her black eyes about in sockets,  
 Sent out her billet-doux and packets  
 By Mrs. Bond's secreted pockets,  
 And in the night she'd fire off rockets ;  
 Inveigle heroes, like a syren,  
 By blue lights, candles, and false firing ;  
 The *North* resounded with her squibs,  
 Her rattles, rigmaroles, and fibs.

From many cities came Adonis,  
 With tandem, curricie, and ponies,  
 To try to get her, and her monies.  
 Amongst the rest Jack Straw did come  
 In hurry, many miles from home ;  
 He said she was a rich galleon :  
 Himself a hunter, not Acteon,  
 But one who hunted much the sea on.  
 That he was come to try his luck,  
 And make all other lovers duck  
 To him, or he would run a-muck,  
 And kill 'em all, by desp'rate stroke.

Quoth he, My dear, my heart is hot,  
 And you shall be my galliot,  
 And you shall share my canvas cot,  
 Or I will know the reason for't.

Quoth she, If you say that I've got  
 Your heart, "in earnest," that's your sort,  
 I'll have you, for I like your spirit,  
 You are the only man of merit  
 I ever met with in my life;  
 Strike hands—by Jove I'll be your wife.

This went on well, and Jack began  
 To think himself a lucky man :  
 All other sweethearts went away  
 Disgusted, as a man may say.  
 How vain are often human wishes!  
 His hopes were soon knocked all to pieces:  
 Two summer months had scarcely past,  
 When he receiv'd a northern blast,  
 Which blew the feathers off him fast ;  
 For having soar'd on favour'd pinions,  
 He ask'd her parents their opinions :  
 They wanted wealth, for they were stingy ones.  
 He answer'd, none; my wealth is her's,  
 And her's is mine, by all the stars.  
 No ! quoth the Dutchess, in a fury,  
 My daughter's young, and not in hurry ;  
 She's not for you, I do assure you.

Oh Lor !

Mr. Straw,

My daughter's an infant,

My precious !

Good gracious !!

Pshaw ! Pshaw ! Mrs. *Skinflint*.

An infant—forsooth !!

Whereas on my troth,

I think you'd be loth

To put thumb in it's mouth,

For fear a sharp tooth

Should bite it off smooth.

My Lord the Duke—suppose that true,

My daughter dear, is not for you.

Quoth Jack, Old Boy, belay your chëek,

Call Nanny here, and let her speak

Herself, for I will not believe

That she my senses will deceive.

She came, and said she was afraid,

A silly, inexperience'd maid,

She could not have him, as she fancied,

Because her parents were against it.

Well, quoth Jack Straw, good bye, my friends,

And take care of your latter ends ;



You have deceiv'd me, and the devil ..  
 Will stir you up, for actions evil.  
 And as for you, my pretty Miss,  
 You'll always recollect my phiz ;  
 However lightly you may view it,  
 Depend upon me, you will rue it ;  
 You'll get a husband like a Tartar,  
 And hang yourself in Nelson's garter.  
 Adieu ! and I shall ever pray  
 That things may turn out as I say \*.



Now mighty Fate, with steadfast eye,  
 View'd the fierce combat, from on high.  
 Old Neptune twigg'd 'em from his throne,  
 Just then affected by the moon ;  
 The flood-tide brought him nearer shore  
 Than ever he had been before ;

\* Since writing this, the *Duke* his daughter  
 Has lost—an Irishman has caught her,  
 And run off with her, over water ;  
 And has been boasting that he sought her  
 Without effect—and therefore *bought a*

*Brush !!*

C. LARK.

Upon his car, and from the water  
 He rose, and roar'd aloud with laughter;  
 To see on shore his gallant sons  
 Fight hard, for sake of broken bones,  
 And fortune favour 'em by turns  
 With clumsy knocks, on head and sterns;  
 Till Iron, using all his strength,  
 Got the weather-gage at length;  
 He struck his foe a mighty *douse*  
 In starboard window of his house,  
 Which fell'd his members to the ground,  
 And made his hollow head resound;  
 His well-cramm'd body, at the squelch,  
 Had surely bursted, but for belch;  
 The sour contents, in a cascade,  
 Impetuous rush'd upon the glade;  
 Old Iron saw the gushing torrent,  
 And turn'd away his eyes abhorrent.

Did ever man behold a fright  
 Like him who's just before my sight?  
 The Commodore at last is low,  
 Brought up, d'ye see, like David's sow.  
 "Come, Roderick Bor! and smoke this Pat!  
 Who has been shooting at a cat."

" With that, he roll'd him once and twice,  
 He roll'd him over twice and thrice,  
 Twice and thrice he roll'd, and then  
 He roll'd him half way o'er again ;"  
 And cried, Lie there, bold Paddy Hew,  
 Till I get on the top of you.

Then as the rider of a steed,  
 Noted for beauty and for speed,  
 Exulting throws his legs across,  
 And proudly sits on handsome horse ;  
 So did he throw his right leg o'er  
 The body of the Commodore,  
 Who found himself in hostile gripe ;  
 Thought he, I'm physic'd like a snipe ;  
 I must now act the politician,  
 To free myself from his ambition ;  
 My conduct must be true Ulyssian,  
 Or sink I must, into perdition,  
 Like Cochrane Tom, the state physician,  
 Condemn'd by jury to a prison ;  
 By judge—to pillory and derision,  
 By Admiralty—to lose commission ;  
 Because he was convicted fishing,  
 To take the silly gulls and geese in.

The House of Commons would not listen  
 To his defence, or Rae's petition ;  
 They said he favour'd the sedition,  
 So ousted him, by their decision ;  
 Besides, Ministers did not wish in  
 A man so turbulent and teasing,  
 And eke so very fond of quizzing,  
 He wanted them to give a reason,  
 Which to these folks is never pleasing,  
 It sets their very souls a freezing ;  
 But he will weather all their hissing,  
 And has receiv'd for sin remission,  
 Notwithstanding opposition,  
 Again return'd to have a fist in  
 State affairs (that want assisting)  
 He'll give his enemies a twisting ;  
 Treat 'em, as Samson did Philistine,  
 T<sup>r</sup> a dish of jaw with expedition.  
 I fear 'twould puzzle a magician,  
 To free himself from such condition  
 As I am in.—Assist me Grecian  
 To act with conduct and precision \*!

\* Since writing this, I've seen a vision  
 Obviating things surprising ;

And now aloud he 'gan to cry on—  
 "Och! mercy on me! Iron, Iron!  
 O Lord! you've kilt me! I am dying!  
 Och! stand my friend now, and this vow I will make,  
 That all former friends I'll forswear and forsake.

If you will not,  
 I go to pot;  
 For when I look round me, whate'er I behold,  
 I can see no prospect to my view unfold;  
 Fortune before me, turns her back I find,  
 While horror stares me in the face behind;  
 I've had so many outs and ins  
 I've soul-bolts lost and liver-pins.

O Jasus!  
 You squeeze us,  
 Don't teaze us,  
 But release us."

Proving the hero, now in prison,  
 Is clear of roguery and leasing;  
 They thought they'd got him by the weazen,  
 But he'll contrive to cut their seizing;  
 And all alive, like bag with fleas in,  
 He'll shew their unsound parts, disease in,  
 And oust a many, soon as he's in.

C. LARK.

Quoth Iron—Pat, I should be loth'  
 To be humbugg'd by *monkey broth*.  
 This comes of your accursed quill,  
 Fustilarian Bobadil ;  
 You now may keep your arms a kimbo,  
 And frighten women—mumbo jumbo !  
 I will not trust to thy parole,  
 Thou weather-cock—thou damned soul !!

Well then, quoth he, I am done over,  
 'Tis passing strange if I recover.  
 With that he gave a dismal groan  
 In hollow—deep—sepulchral tone,  
 I'm dish'd—I'm done—O hone ! O hone !  
 You might as well leave me alone,  
 I'm in an everlasting swoon.

Then under gullet, where 'twas warm  
 And thought by Paddy, free from harm,  
 He wrench'd a Brooch and cried out verm-  
 In—Where comes this ? and wherefore here ?  
 Is it a keepsake from your dear,  
 Or did you win it at a raffle ?  
 Tell me this moment—do not cavil,  
 Or I will ride you with rough snaffle.  
 Explain ! expound, my captive Hew,  
 What means this S, and W ?

For on my life—I would not swear  
But this was Sally's yellow hair.

Quoth Paddy Hew, I cannot answer  
Well—for I am a dead man, sir ;  
I've said that once—I say 't again, sir ;  
The weight of you I cannot bear,  
You stop my breath—like a night-mare ;  
I cannot breathe the wholesome air !

What's that to me ?—I do not care,  
Quoth Ironside—the Brooch of Lorn  
Was from the king of Scotland torn,  
And since that time in triumph worn  
As this—my doughty foe ! d'ye see,  
Henceforward shall be worn by me  
And my descendants—by Sally !!!

### *The Brooch of Ironside.*

“ Of all the Brooches heretofore,  
By poets sung in days of yore,  
Or bawl'd out-by obstrep'rous boor,  
Sitting by hovel-thatched door ;  
Or boat-man pulling along-shore,  
With din more loud than surges roar ;  
This beggars all ! This is a Brooch !!  
To which no other must approach.”

**Song continued.**

“ This Brooch of gold enchain’d o’er  
 With paler roses frosted-hoar,  
 Call’d by the maker—super-frore !  
 Shall change it’s owner now no more ;  
 Worn—in my bosom, it shall be  
 Trophy of conquest over thee ! !”

**Song concluded.**

“ If it should from my shirt be torn,  
 Or drop from frill that’s over-worn ;  
 Or fire consumes it—or a storm,  
 Or chance—that fancy cannot form ;  
 Of other Brooch I’ll ne’er be buyer,  
 But give a guinea to the crier  
 To find it—if not—d—n the liar ! !”

Now Iron seiz’d the hat renown’d,  
 And cried, I am with victory crown’d ;  
 The Commodore, my lads, hath struck to me !  
 “ Sweet maid, I come—I come—again to thee !  
 “ Let the glad trumpet sound ! !

“ THE VICTORY ! !”

Huzza ! I’ve vanquish’d you in battle,  
 What think you now, of Sally Wattle ?



I'll never after trouble noddle,  
 But stay at home and crack my bottle.  
 You are upset, and as I guess,  
*Have lost the number of your mess.*

While Iron thus did hoop and halloo!  
 Roderick lost his strength and valour.  
 Twice had the conquering Jack Straw  
 Subjected him to Penang law;  
 Twice had his stubborn senses fled,  
 By dint of desperate blow on head,  
 And twice by dint of t'other thwack,  
 As quick as lightning hasten'd back.  
 At last a blow receiv'd on high bone,  
 Call'd nose, did make a *splinter* fly—bone,  
 Which did prevent the man from sneezing,  
 And caus'd him a fatal wheezing.

So roughly used as this—'tis certain  
 He did grow timid and dishearten;  
 As fortune to him was turn'd dogg'd,  
 And he unmercifully flogg'd,  
 To make the best of a bad matter,  
 He thought it right to cry for quarter.  
 It griev'd him to the soul to see  
 His comrade gain a victory,  
 While he had fought so hard, to gain  
 Nought but disgrace, defeat, and pain.

# **PADDY HEW.**



## **CANTO IV.**

## ARGUMENT.

While Iron, Paddy Hew did hug,  
He got a *derrick* on the lug  
From Shinossy, who heaves in sight  
To turn the fortune of the fight.  
Paddy, victorious, makes 'em prisoners,  
But Ironside escapes with easiness  
I' the night, and goes about his business,  
And sends a challenge—*outrageant*,  
To shoot him through the body—bang;  
And to the devil doth consign him,  
*Argumentum baculinum.*

(A nook is fill'd by the insertion  
Of a long story for diversion.)  
He binds bold Roderick hands and feet,  
And thinks to flog him thro' the fleet;  
Makes learned speech to his ship's crew,  
Then tells his Off'cers what he'll do,  
Which finishes the last canto.

## PADDY HEW.

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### CANTO IV.

**T**HE battle won by perseverance,  
Decided was, to all appearance,  
And Iron thought he'd made a *clearance* ;  
But Juno envied him the bays,  
And o'er his laurels cast a haze.  
Thus fortune was as blind as owl,  
And favour show'd to sinful soul ;  
For now arrived and join'd the fray  
A hero, as a man may say ;  
A very cunning, mighty, wise one,  
He'd look before he'd enterprise on.  
His maxim was to join with those  
Who were most dang'rous to oppose.

A man he was of little size,  
And in his head had little eyes,

The best of which had *sluc athwartship*  
 By dint of a primeval hardship ;  
 The other red was, like a ferrit,  
 And squinting virtue did inherit ;  
*Bluff* was his nose, and like a *lug*,  
 Which oft a Dutchman's stern doth hug ;  
 A mouth he had as wide as oyster,  
 And like it, well supply'd with moisture ;  
 A visage brown, and weatherbeaten,  
 And full of holes, by maggots eaten ;  
 He was of corporation stout,  
 And always *blew his jacket out* ;  
 In fact, he had enormous *twist*,  
 And wagg'd the jawbones of a beast ;  
 A temper selfish, surly, griping,  
 And was a very hog at *swiping* ;  
 His head left room upon his back,  
 By standing forward, for a pack ;  
 A lanky mane did *swab* his shoulders,  
 T' appear like lion to beholders ;  
 His legs were long, on which he wore  
 Two calves, which bellied out before.  
 A cunning cobbler rack'd his brain  
 To make boots for him, but in vain ;

For half-moon legs bade stout defiance  
 Indignant, to the cobbler's science ;  
 Which made him swear, the first Sir Cobble,  
 That did succeed, he would ennoble,  
*Id est*, he meant to pay him double,

For his trouble.

At length he fell in with the shoe  
 And boot-maker to Pichegru,  
 Ashley his name—Rue Vivienne ;  
 At Paris you may see the man,  
 Let him deny it—if he can ;  
 He did succeed, that gen'ral's last  
 And legs were of the self-same cast.  
 He prais'd the boots, because they fitted,  
 But Mister Cobbler was outwitted ;  
 For he began to curse and blast him,  
 When he for double payment ask'd him.

By various names he went, because  
 His nose broke thro' the nasal laws ;  
 It oft would stoop below its level,  
 And oft was pull'd by men uncivil ;  
 It was so full and round, that if  
 He touch'd it with a handkerchief,

'Twould spot and speckle it with stains  
 Of Tyrian dye, from red-hot blains ;  
 It was so chequer'd o'er with blotches,  
 Some call'd him Barnacle—some Botches.  
 Because his legs were big with twins,  
 Some call'd him *Shanks*—and others *Shins* ;  
 And from his eye, some call'd him Swivel,  
 Others nick-named him “ one-ey'd Devil : ”  
 Thro' roguery, some call'd him Ramus ;  
 The sailors always *Polly-famous*.  
 But we shall fix on name between  
 The promontory nose and shin,  
 That's different from the vulgar possé,  
 And therefore christen him Shinossy.  
 We call'd him Genus heretofore,  
 But we shall call him so no more.

He lost his teeth by hardy knocks,  
 From armed fist of Lady C——,  
 With whom he us'd to play and dandle,  
 And kiss and toy, so much that scandal  
 Rous'd Johnny D——n, who soon sought 'em,  
 And in a merry humour caught 'em,  
 Then challeng'd him, and would have fought him.

But Lady, found in awkward pickle,  
 Began straightway to scold and stickle  
 For virtue, dignity, and honour,  
 And cried, he tried t' impose upon her  
 By ruffian force, just like a robber ;  
 Begone, quo' she, you jumping lubber,  
 You came upon me with a bent eye,  
 Like to a knowing cognoscenti,  
 Divested of all shame and grace,  
 You monkey kill'd, and stole his face ;  
 You disagreeable, looking *spoon*,  
 I'll ne'er remain with you alone ;  
 I have not gun to shoot you dead,  
 But can destroy your *figure head* ;  
 I'll teach you, hawbuck as you are !  
 I' th' twinkling of a capstan bar,  
 To seize upon me in a hurry ;  
 Then flew upon him like a fury,  
 And cried—I warrant you I'll cure you.  
 Now with chastising fist she broke  
 His face, with many a sturdy stroke.

Avast ! quoth he, You're going *large*,  
 And *loom* as big as Paddy's barge ;



Avaunt !· avaunt ! ye harridan,  
 I am an honest married man ;  
 Your sex protects you from rebuffs,  
 You are beneath my fisty cuffs ;  
 Away, you hell-cat—Johnny—Johnny !!  
 She's fond of you, and wants your money.  
 At this the lady grew more vicious  
 And violent, than mob seditious ;  
 She clapper-claw'd, and plied her blows  
 More desp'rate, right athwart his bows,  
 That is, upon his face and nose.  
 Her wrath encreas'd as she grew hot  
 And tir'd—at last she seiz'd a pot  
 With her right hand ; 'twas made of earth,  
 And might be twenty pennyworth ;  
 But what of that ? she curst expenses  
 As if she were beside her senses,  
 And brandished this weapon dreadful,  
 Which oft had stood beneath a bed—full.

Quoth she, This fellow is a vicious,  
 A good-for-nothing sort of beast 'tis ;  
 What ! try with impudence to dally ?  
 I'm for your betters—monster, scaly !

Marry come up—my dirty cousin!

A very pretty story,

Then struck and knocked half a dozen

Of his front teeth to glory!

Of his front teeth, the upper tier,

While Johnny cried—Well done, my dear!

You've prov'd beyond a doubt, that virtue

Is strong to punish—who would hurt you?

Thus Shinossy being caught behind doors,

As said before, did lose his grinders.

We'll leave old Johnny *tete-a-tete*,

And solacing his sweet-heart Kate;

And bring Shinossy into notice,

As hero's don't appear by forties;

With stomachs like —————.

He hid his recreant head at first;

Thought he, What! must I? yes, I must

Join Paddy Hew, altho' distress'd;

His cause is strong, and therefore best;

For he who has the longest purse,

Shall gain support from me, of course,

Then if I should succeed, by chance

I gain his interest, and advance,

Which is a great consideration!

I'll take his part, on this occasion.

Then slyly creeping, with a bludgeon,  
 He struck Iron, where his brains were lodging,  
 With so much pow'r, that down he tumbled,  
 And with old mother-earth was humbled.  
 He then survey'd the Commodore,  
 To all appearance dead before ;  
 He felt his pulse, then roll'd him over,  
 But could no sign of life discover ;  
 His visage ghastly was and pale,  
 And near his eye, a large black wale.  
 My stars ! he cried, here lies at last  
 The hull of Paddy, *hard and fast* ;  
 Alas ! all mortal men are frail :  
 What odours do my lungs inhale ?  
 'Tis nauseous as a skate that's stinking,  
 Or other thing—too bad to think on.

When Jack beheld this turn o' the action,  
 It gave him mighty satisfaction ;  
 He hail'd Shimossy as his saviour,  
 And prais'd his valiant behaviour :  
 Quoth he, Your great zeal and devotion,  
 Must gain you honour and promotion ;  
 Your deeds, this day, will ever shine  
 Alone—unequall'd—and divine ;

At all events, you'll make your fortune  
 As quick as lightning—that's certain.  
 Altho' brave Paddy Hew be dead,  
 We take the title in his stead.

When we have lain him in the earth,  
 And made a speech upon his worth,  
 A general peace we will proclaim,  
 And on past actions cry out—shame.

When lo ! uprose the Commodore,  
 To all appearance dead before,  
 Quoth he, You've made us now victorious  
 By dint of conduct, ever glorious ;  
 You've rescued me from wretches wicked,  
 As e'er were out of Newgate picked ;  
 Retriev'd my character and person  
 From sland'rous malice, and diversion ;  
 Like Brooke, you have by single battle,  
 Render'd yourself and name immortal  
 By deeds of arms, no man could foretel,  
 And well deserve the nations thanks  
 For curing Ironside of his pranks.  
 He swore he'd pound me into mortar,  
 Because I would not cry for quarter,

You've sav'd my life—eventually,  
 Perhaps you've sav'd the life of Sally.  
 Proud fame will tell, with loudest rattle,  
 These deeds—and children, in their prattle,  
 And women, in their tittle tattle,  
 Will talk of you and Sally Wattle.  
 I can't say more, but the sum total  
 Is, that I'll give you a command,  
 In fact, the first that comes to hand.

Quoth Shinoasy, The battle's won,  
 I'm satisfied—my duty's done;  
 But honour'd by such men as you are,  
 I don't know what to say I'm sure;  
 My carcase bends beneath the yoke  
 Of your great kindness, and I choke;  
 My thanks are now not worth a groat,  
 For gratitude sticks in my throat;  
 My heart beats hard against my breast,  
 With feelings not to be express'd;  
 My pericranium, O good Lord!  
 Cannot afford a single word,  
 Fit to express the obligation,  
 And what I feel, on this occasion;  
 Some minutes now we have to spare;  
 Here's one, you'll like it, new and rare.

But be assur'd I'd take delight  
 Always in your cause to fight,  
 Aye, whether it be wrong or right,  
 If I could get promotion by 't,  
 As I have done this blessed night ;

\* \* \* \* \*

Pause ! reader, quick, for we must clap  
 A *stopper* here—to fill a gap,  
 Or you may fall in it mayhap.  
 Howe'er, we'll give you reason good  
 For stopping thus upon the road ;  
 We saw no more, for we were blind,  
 We heard no more, because the wind  
 Did whistle loudly, and the sound  
 All freedom of discussion drown'd.  
 'Tis hard to write, we think, and queer,  
 When one can neither see nor hear,  
 However lofty genius be  
 This put him in odd quandary.  
 'Tis usual with us in such cases  
 To cram in fragments and odd pieces,  
 Fill up the nook with a digression,  
 And afterwards proceed afresh on.

## A LONG STORY.

## CHAP. I.

ONCE on a time, at the assizes,  
 I think it was at Megavizes,  
 A noble squire did bring a sinner  
 For stealing wood, to boil his dinner;  
 He swore he'd have the culprit's gizzard,  
 Or else he was no general—Izard,  
 And make him undergo phlebotomy  
 Profuse, or ship him off for Botany.

Old Big-wig sat upon the chair,  
 With solemn philosophic air,  
 And underneath him were the counsel,  
 Prepar'd to bluster, rant and bounce well;  
 The jury call'd for—also went in  
 And brought themselves to anchor, standing.  
 They'd just been told, and sworn by one  
 Who stood up in a box alone,  
 The swinish multitude were there,  
 And noxious vapours fill'd the air.

Quoth Slando, rising, with a bent-bow:  
 This man, my *Lud!* y'clept hight Pembo,

I have brought here, for sake of peace,  
 Because I could not sleep at ease ;  
 He's stealing wood and breaking fences,  
 And fright'ning children out of senses ;  
 He poaches, fishes, and steals rabbits,  
 And has abominable habits.  
 He'd swear I knock'd him down, when I  
 Was forced from his rage to fly ;  
 He gave me in my chops *a douce*,  
 Then ran and stole away my house ;  
 A house that's well worth fifty pounds,  
 And in it poison'd half my hounds.  
 When house was gone, and put in's pocket,  
 It made me very much provoked,  
 (But on the court, as time is scarce,  
 I'll not intrude, but state the case :  
 I've worn a wig before at bar,  
 As you no doubt suppose by jaw.)  
 Besides all this, he's stolen goods  
 And hid them up about the woods ;  
 But having caught him stealing plank,  
 I trust, my *Lud* ! you'll please to hang,  
 And I shall ever mak't my study  
 To pray for you, as bound in duty.



And now the judge did to him say,  
 You would not, take his life away,  
 For recollect!—you swear this day  
 By him who form'd the sky and sea,  
 And also makes the thunder roll.—  
 No! *'pon my honour and my soul,*  
 Cried Slando, looking like a fool  
 From where he stood, in witness hole;  
 I would not take the culprit's life,  
 His daughter, jack-ass, or his wife.  
 I have no spite against old Tommy,  
 'Tis justice makes me do it, *blow me.*

Well, quoth the judge, you swear the wood  
 Is yours?—Yes, quoth he, my Lud.—  
 Then show the court what mark you made  
 Upon't. Quoth he, I'm not afraid.

The wood in court was now produc'd,  
 He would not swear to't, but refus'd.  
 'Twas handed out of court, and then  
 As quickly handed in again,  
 But by the other end, I ween,  
 As if another piece it were.  
 Quoth he, This is it—now I'll swear  
 Before the legislative chair.

The judge did now upon him frown,  
 You'd swear, as if it were your own.  
 For shame—away—from hence—retire.  
 Go ! hide yourself from penal ire,  
 You are in danger of hell-fire!

The suits in law began by gabble,  
 Will end in foolish gab and babble.  
 It is a sin and looks quite shabby  
 For you to take up with a gaby,  
 Whom nature, forming, broke her mould,  
 And every thing that's human foul'd ;  
 It is a thing to look at, evil  
 Betwixt a hog, dog, and a devil ;  
 'Tis like a strutting bantam cock,  
 With thigh, just like a little hock  
 Of Chinese pig, cut off at dock ;  
 When it one-knee o'er t'other throws  
 'Tis forc'd to hold it up by toes.  
 And then with sapient bill-like phiz  
 Of cockatoo, or owlet, 'tis  
 It stares, looks knowing, spits and splutters,  
 And grins, with sympathetic mutters.  
 With nose of pug and mouth of rabbit,  
 Possess'd of silly screwing habit ;

Its teeth, like grave-stones, out *all weathers*,  
 In spite of red Morocco leathers.  
 You'll lose your fortune, goods and chattels,  
 If you're in hands of wicked rake-bells.

And now the town clerk loud did call ...  
 A woman, witness in the hall,  
 Who did astonish one and all,  
 For Slando's evidence did fall  
 Unsupported to the wall.

She did depose, he offer'd money  
 (And to induce her, call'd her, honey)  
 If she would say he'd stolen ought ;  
 Aye, if 'twas not more than a groat,  
 From off his premises or grounds,  
 And he would give her twenty pounds.

Old Pembo's eyes began to sparkle  
 Like glowworm glittering in dark hole,  
 Or eke a living piece of charcoal,  
 A sudden gleam of gladness stole  
 At once into his sinking soul.  
 In fact, it did new life impart,  
 And threw a burthen from his heart.

Thought he, the case is strangely alter'd,  
 'Tis Slando merits to be halter'd.

The judge did now address the jury,  
Not like old *Tareaway* in fury,  
But properly—and not in hurry.

Quoth he, This, Slando, is too bad,  
To try to hang this nice old lad,  
(E'en in defiance of old Scratch  
He'd hang a lawyer for a *watch*.  
A bauble sure, a tinkling cymbol,  
To make a *fat attorney*—swing well.)  
It is unnatural and curious  
That any man should be so furious,  
That any man should take delight  
'Gainst common sense, and reason right  
To persecute a doleful wight,  
It seems to savour so of spite  
And eke a carnal appetite,  
Like savage Cossack in the fight:  
I do pronounce it folly's height  
And opposite to all that's right,  
As utter darkness is to light.  
Indeed I am astonish'd quite,  
If I am not—blow me tight!!!  
Were I to say that this were well,  
Or true—'twould be as *false as hell*.

Gentlemen of the jury—you  
 Consider well what's false—what true,  
 And give a verdict for defendant.

*Yet stay*—before I make an end on't  
 I'll say a few words more about it,  
 The truth of which must not be doubted :  
 This Slando's parentage and birth,  
 His education, rank and worth,  
 Was quite unknown till —— came  
 To rescue him from burning shame.  
 Should any contradict, or say,  
 Your honour—'tis another way  
 He'd imitate a jack-ass bray,  
 Or like a most egregious calf  
 Would break into an idiot laugh,  
 And oftentimes, when the moon's at full,  
 He'll roar and bellow like a bull,  
 And shove his nose upon the ground  
 To scare the neighbours all around ;  
 Then run a muck, to kill or wound.

These, gem'men! are the leading features  
 Of Slando's character, I ween ;

It would be hard that this poor creature's  
 Life, should suffer by his spleen.

Perhaps he might have been transported,  
 Jail'd, whipp'd, pillory'd, and hooted,  
 Things most unpleasant and provoking;  
 And gem'men, really, 'tis no joking,  
 For any man to suffer durance  
 For any other man's assurance.

A figure once appear'd, I ween,  
 By Slando's bed, a sprite unclean,  
 With forehead fair—a blossomer,  
 And slender hairs on't—gossamer,  
 Which like the softest down of swan  
 Did grace a little pigmy man.  
 On a night chair it upright stood,  
 And tempted him, like Milton's toad,  
 To grasp at, swallow, and devour,  
 The heritage of blind and poor.

I've brought, quoth he, what you require,  
 A parchment conscience from my aire,  
 More potent than the misletoe,  
 'Twill save you, wheresoe'er you go;  
 And while you prove its good conserver,  
 'Twill be to you a life-preserver.  
 I've summ'd up all, it now remains  
 For the decision of your brains.

And now the jury, not being pack'd,  
Pronounc'd him guiltless of the act.

Thus cunning Slando miss'd his aim,  
And lost long meditated game,  
And on his carcase brought down shame.  
Yet he pretended not to care,  
But with his goggle eyes did stare,  
And out-dar'd Justice with a brazen  
Face, and hardihood amazing ;  
He swore he'd keep a look-out sharp  
And catch old Pembo, like a carp.  
In fact, he stamp'd about and bluster'd,  
And froth'd and fum'd, like trifle custard,  
Until the judge commanded silence  
To his garrulity and violence ;  
But, ne'ertheless, he stalk'd and swagger'd,  
And puff'd—like gobble turkey—braggart !  
Big Hugo now advanc'd and show'd  
Two briefs, for actions disavow'd ;  
And Jack Patch lifted up a leash\*,  
To all which Slando answer'd, *pish ! !*

\* It is evident that this can be no relation of the great Patch. The latter being merely a cognomen used by the notorious Charles Price, or as we sailors call it, a purser's name.

But when he saw the witch, old Nelly,  
 His feathers clos'd around his belly;  
 Down dropp'd his crest and showy tail,  
 Which look'd so very like a whale,  
 And off he trudg'd, as if old Nick  
 Kick'd him an end, he flew so quick.

## CHAP. II.

Old Pembo met him once in cue,  
 And Slando cried, I'll make you rue.  
 He grasp'd a pitchfork in his hand,  
 And cried out to the victim—stand !!  
 You've cheated me in raising tile,  
 I caught you out before in guile:  
 You weather'd me upon that tack  
 Because the judge's jaws were slack  
 And jury were a precious pack,  
 Or else the foreman would have spake.  
 But now I'll make your shoulders ake;  
 For having caught you in the fact,  
 My vengeance, like a cataract,  
 Shall quickly fall upon your bacon,  
 Or I am very much mistaken.



The least that I can do is kill ye,  
Then whip this weapon in my belly.

With visage 'ghast, old Pembo star'd,  
Your honour, I am unprepar'd  
To be cut off from all the world,  
And into utter darkness hurl'd;  
And therefore I would sooner live,  
Than now, my final doom receive.  
Besides, you may, on some pretence  
Apply to me, for evidence,  
Of which you always stand in want  
To bring your cases to a point.  
I've often seen a gaby wince  
And lose your trial on a pinch,  
When, if you had fair evidence,  
Aye, fair, I hope there's no offence,  
To bear you thro' all hair-breadth 'scapes,  
From Johnny Roe to Dian Trapes,  
'Twould be a good thing for your bacon,  
And save your napper-case from aking.  
For *Franco's* downright impudence,  
And your own plausible pretence  
May fail you, in a time of need,  
And scarcely leave you time for creed.

For evidence, unless concurrent,  
 Is always to the law abhorrent ;  
 Therefore, if you are bent on blood,  
 I pray you, seek some other food.

Should horrid carnage be your will,  
 There's French enow in Spain to kill ;  
 You say you've knock'd 'em down by dozens,  
 Then why not go and kill their cousins ?  
 What feats you've done in days of yore  
 May be repeated o'er and o'er.

Go, drive the *parlevoux* from Spain,  
 And make 'em scamper out again :  
 There, be the foremost in the chace,  
 And run an honourable race.

But should the enemy run one way  
 You must not take a diff'rent journey,  
 As once before you did, I heard,  
 Which I now tell you to your beard.  
 My death would only soil your scutcheon,  
 And on its surface leave a blotch on.

On this the hero waxed warm,  
 Boiling with suffocated harm  
 From a degraded scoundrel—huffer !  
 Must I these daily insults suffer ?

I was the foremost in the strife  
 In Spain, and ran but for my life ;  
 I never ran so fast before,  
 Nor never shall I do so more.  
 I loudly gave the troops command,  
 But then, the scoundrels, would not stand ;  
 Sooner than quick march, one and all  
 They'd stay, and see their leader fall.  
 We hover'd round the French all night,  
 Another would have died in fright,  
 But I, in battles take delight ;  
 I ran to count my men next morn,  
 But they had left me, all forlorn.  
 They might have follow'd close behind,  
 Had they like pointers kept the wind.

Old Pembo answer'd, turning pale,  
 The Spaniards tell another tale ;  
 They say, but very like in scoff,  
 The enemy were three leagues off.

Cried Slando, As in times of old,  
 One tale is good till t'other's told :  
 How near they were I do not know,  
 More shame upon my men, if so,  
 For they all ran off, urging hurry,  
 With French leave, —————

For to be panic struck with fear  
 Before the enemy was near  
 I never had the least idea ;  
 But all that they can say, or do,  
 Shall not prevent my wrath on you.

Old Pembo cried out—Keep your distance,  
 I'll call the neighbours for assistance :  
 I do not know what you'd be at,  
 You fret and fume at such a rate ;  
 I'll go before a magistrate  
 And swear my peace—against your hate :  
 I cannot live in such a state.

Now turning tail—he ran in house  
 And hid himself, as squat as mouse ;

Sly Slando jump'd about th' edifice,  
 And in a hole did shove his crazy face.  
 Come out ! thou Cacus, from this den,  
 That I may drive you in agen.  
 Come out ! thou sad old *shacky felly*,  
 That I may stab you in the belly.  
 Oh ! could I tempt you out of this  
 I'd perforate you—damme ! whiz !!!  
 Come out of this ! thou scoundrel, Taffy.  
 Ah ! whoreson ! vagabond !—what ! laugh ye ?

He waxed hot, and now with kidney  
 Like Cochrane Tom, or Smith, Sir Sydney,  
 Retreated back three paces, then  
 Grasping with strength Herculean  
 His desp'rate weapon, cried out—Die!!!  
 And the same instant, let it fly  
 Like lightning, darting thro' the casement  
 Smash'd all to atoms; in amazement.

Old Pembo cried, with voice vociferous :  
 From savages, good Lord deliver us !  
 Oh ! save me, from a gripe carnivorous.  
 He then retreated to the door  
 And stood by, *for a run* once more ;  
 While Slando storm'd the batter'd port,  
 And ent'ring it, cried, " That's your sort,"  
 I'll pay you, scoundrel, for your sport.  
 But when he came to look about him  
 He found the enemy without him,  
 That his own carcase was in limbo,  
 Caught fast in man-trap, set by Pembo,  
 Who now began to turn the tables  
 Upon him like a thousand devils \*.

\* Rabelais.

He cried, Come out! thou Polyphemus,  
Come out! thou sapient Nicodemus;

Come, *bear a hand* and eke a *fist*,  
Or I will give your nose a twist.

Like Bobadil, thou valiant codger,  
A man thou art not, nor a soldier.

Come out, thou badger, from thy hole,  
And at your nose I'll take a pull;

Come out, thou good-for-nothing *shack*,  
And I will *hide* you like a sack.

You won't—well, faith, perhaps you're best in,  
So stay my swaggering Flinbus-Questrin;  
I'll leave you, for my time is wasting.  
Your bones require a little resting  
Before they do receive a basting  
From me, and once they've had a tasting;  
You'll recollect it, everlasting.

Therefore, I to my friends will hasten,  
And tell them where I've made you fast in.

While thus old Pembo was investing  
Him, with epithets detesting,  
Hot choler could no longer rest in,  
But burst obnoxious from intestine;  
From staring eyes, as big as cups,  
Out rush'd amazing briny drops,

As large as those on turnip-tops,  
 Or those wrung out of dirty mops ;  
 And as they roll'd his face along  
 He swept them all in with his tongue,  
 Determin'd that his precious water  
 Should not be lost, for looking after.

Old Pembo could scarce tarry longer,  
 The smell grew stronger still, and stronger ;  
 He held his nose between two fingers,  
 Crying, Mercy on us ! what a thing 'tis !  
 The man smells worse than putrid ling does.

Quoth Slando, Let me out, old boor,  
 Do not torment me now I'm sore,  
 And I will trouble thee no more.

Quoth Pembo, No ! you're full of evils,  
 And smell worse than five hundred devils.  
 You're fast, and I'll be burnt to ashes  
 If I release—your spatter-dashers.  
 I'll leave you so—you'll be, henceforward,  
 More manly, moderate, and toward.

---

Now sable night rose up in haste,  
 And drove the day away as fast ;

I rhyme so quick, so free and easy,  
Pray gentle reader, do I please ye?

I learn from Walter Scott to jingle,  
Lord Byron prompts me, if I sing well,  
And Landor teaches me to puff,  
For which I thank him well enough ;  
But of his aid I should be prouder  
If he were not—more smoke than powder,  
Which is the reason, people know him  
As soon as they have read his poem.

When the dun night her curtain drew  
She clos'd the eyes of Paddy Hew,  
Who sunk to rest upon a bed  
Of rushes, underneath a shed,  
But first lash'd en'my's leg to stantion  
Which stood at further end the mansion,  
And left them under charge of Jack  
And Shinossy, till he should wake,  
Who being *snoozy*, did draw lots,  
When Jack Straw gain'd the middle watch.  
Shinossy, therefore, had to keep  
The first, so did not go to sleep,  
But *flogg'd the glass*, and rous'd up Jack,  
Before of sleep he'd had his *whack* ;  
It was not more than ten o'clock.



Jack little thought him such a rogue  
 As thus to have deceiv'd him,  
 So turn'd out and reliev'd him.  
 Howe'er, as 't happen'd, 'twas of no  
 Importance, as you soon shall know,  
 For he just took a turn or two,  
 Then laid on's *beam ends* by the foe,  
 And in ten minutes was as fast  
 Asleep, as if it were his last.  
 Like Allan, (one of the trio)\*  
 Who serv'd the king of Scotland so,  
 Till ruffian dagger ran him through  
 And woke him, whether he would or no,  
 And made him *sing out*—O dear!—Oh!  
 Thus mighty warriors clos'd their peepers,  
 And were reduc'd to simple sleepers,  
 Haunted by terrifying dreams  
 Of blood and scars, and death-like screams,  
 Till Iron, woke by Commodore,  
 (Who at midnight began to snore)  
 Arose upon his weary b—m,  
 And from his eyelids rubb'd the scum.

\* See Lord of the Isles.

He had been dreaming of a large  
 Wild beast, which at him made a charge,  
 And scarcely left him time to level  
 His piece, to save him from the devil,  
 That fortune pull'd the trigger for him,  
 Or else the monster would have tore him.  
 The ball was faithful, struck his head,  
 And brought him to the earth for dead ;  
 So Iron thought, and did begin  
 To strip him off it's shaggy skin,  
 When, lo ! the monster ope it's throat,  
 And yell'd so horrible a note,  
 That frighted Iron did awaken  
 At once, and find himself mistaken.

For he was pitied, it appears,  
 By ugly god, devoid of ears,  
 Whose open mouth's not even hung  
 With common furniture, a tongue ;  
 The want of which, as some suppose,  
 Is well supplied by noisy nose,  
 Which without effort, forms a hum,  
 Just like a regimental drum,  
 Or eke a large Chinese *Tom-tom* !

Morpheus, I say, having had  
 Sufficient sport with the old lad,

Now turn'd his friend, I do suppose,  
 And enter'd Paddy's crooked nose ;  
 So what he thought a monstrous roar  
 Was nothing but a beastly snore,  
 And as aforesaid, in surprise,  
 He look'd around and rubb'd his eyes,  
 When full, before the shed, the Dutch-  
 Man he had seen before, or such  
 A one, and flying all a *taunto*  
 Brought up, and his proud heart did daunt too.  
 " Then to his ear, his shivering frame  
 Received a voice—from whence it came."

### Flying Dutchman's Reveillie.

" Iron ! run—thy race is won ;  
 Notwithstanding dreams assail ye  
 Run away 'fore rising sun ;  
 Run, before they can reveillie.

Paddy Hew's asleep in den,  
 Shinossy and Jack Straw by him,  
 Sleeping more like hogs than men ;  
 Sally Wattle's for thee dying.

Paddy thinks to have some fun  
 When *showing leg* at rising sun,  
 To take you 'board his ship to nail ye ;  
*Shove off*, before they can reveillie."

\* \* \* \*

Thought he, this is a thing uncommon,  
 Strange ! wond'rous strange ! a happy omen  
 I do believe, sent to my rescue  
 Down from aloft, to bid me eschew  
 My foes, while solemn darkness covers  
 The earth, and fortune round me hovers.

They're all asleep—the snoring *beasties*  
 All hard and fast, like Trojan Rhesus,  
 To cut and run, O dear ! what ease 'tis.  
 Yet, Sally Wattle ! where can I,  
 Bruis'd as I am, retreat or fly ?  
 Poor Rory, too, if I should rouse  
 In waking, might disturb the house.  
 'Tis hazardous, I dare not try,  
 For should he wake 'em—then—good bye  
 To all my dearest hopes and wishes,  
 My rival will lay hold of mis'ess.

Then Paddy Hew will ride her nags,  
 And empty all her brandy kegs,  
 While I'm oblig'd to carry bags.

He'll have her money, pigs and cows,  
 While I'm a scaramouch for crows ;  
 He'd pay me for the many aches  
 He's had on's noddle for our sakes.

O Rory! Rory!—griev'd I am  
 To leave you 'mong the wolves—a lamb ;  
 For when I've given them *leg-bail*  
 They'll whip you instantly to jail,  
 And keep you there on *ullage-water*,  
 Or make you *wed the gunner's daughter*.

As thus he spoke, he cast heel-lashing  
 Off, with dexterity amazing.  
 Adieu ! dear Rod—— I must not stand to  
 Talk, because my heart grows faint, Oh !  
 Adieu ! I must let go my *painter*,  
 Make myself scarce—and slip my cable  
 And *buy a brush* ; now while I'm able.  
 I'll write a letter unto Hew—  
 (Shall make him foam with rage, and stew)  
 To threaten him ; if he hurts you  
 I'll cut his carcase into *junks*,  
 And make his sinews serve for *hanks*.  
 Should he entreat discourteously,  
 Right thro' his body—I'll let fly.

He then did chant this incantation  
To save his carcase from d—nat—n.

INCANTATION.

Ye babbling witches, haunting Lapland shore,  
Why wreak your vengeance on a wretch like me?  
And thou, obnoxious Babylonian wh—e,  
What is the reason that I can't be free?  
Ye Lapland witches!  
Babbling bitches!  
Woman of scarlet!  
Naughty varlet!  
Let me out of this mess I implore ye,  
Or I'll give you a curse  
That shall put you in worse,  
And make you wince for it, ye wh—e ye.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

As thus he spoke, his great heart beat,  
And up he rose upon his feet,  
Tho' sore and painful 'twas to use his  
Legs, so stiff with bangs and bruises.  
Then on he march'd, so slow and slyly,  
Holding his breath, and stepping wily,

Until he had retreated clear  
 And left th' enemy i'the rear.  
 He then did halt, and cast about  
 Sharp eyes, to plan his future route,  
 When he beheld a glimm'ring light  
 At a small distance to the right,  
 Which made his fond heart bound and leap,  
 As if it wish'd to have a peep,  
 He made towards this friendly beacon  
 With hasty steps, to 'void being taken.

Brave Ironside, we've done with war,  
 And do not want you any more,  
 But if we should, you will not fail  
 To come back to us, when we hail.

\*   \*   \*  
 \*   \*   \*

And now advanc'd the day in splendour,  
 Retreated night as black as cinder,  
 While daylight enter'd at the window.

OR THUS.

The sun arose, in splendour gay,  
 And drove the blackguard night away.

With him great Paddy Hew arose  
 Upon his feet and blow'd his nose,  
 And all his gallant crew turn'd out,  
 Repeating compliments to snout.

When he, with penetrating eye,  
 On looking round, could not espy  
 Old Iron—(who had made his 'scape)  
 Began to goggle and to gape ;  
 He strove to hide his shame and chagrin,  
 But could not force a smile nor a grin ;  
 His crooked nose turn'd blue and white.

Yo hoy ! Jack Straw, a bite ! a bite !  
 The bird is flown, our pris'ner's gone,  
 We are dishonour'd, and alone ;  
 Who could have thought old Ironside  
 Would meanly slink away and hide ?  
 “ Jump up!!—here's blackest treachery—  
 Ironside has got his liberty.  
 Unhappy me!—unhappy me!  
 Then turning pale as any ghost,  
 He grinn'd and mutter'd, ‘ Lost ! lost ! lost !’  
 Quoth Jack Straw, Shinossy has done  
 The fault—he let him go alone.



He would not turn out in the morning  
 Watch, altho' I gave him warning  
 That Ironside would surely flee.—

“ I do not care a damn, quoth he,  
 I'll keep a look-out as I lie.”—

Well—well, quoth I, I'll stop till the bell  
 Strikes one, to make you sensible  
 You are imposing on your friend ;  
 Come *rouse and bitt*—do *start an end*,  
 Or I will *start* you, with rope's end.

Quoth he, “ Why keep you so at hankèr,  
 Pshaw! can't you bring yourself to anchor ?”  
 He would not rouse—I could not keep  
 My eyes open—so fell asleep,  
 Or may I perish in the deep.

Quoth Shinossy, 'Tis all a lie,  
 He wants to impose on you and I ;  
 This precious tale of his is tacked  
 Together, like a *galley-packet*.  
 I kept first watch till bell had rung,  
 'Tis true, or else may I be hung,  
 Till dingle-dangle hangs my tongue.  
 Then rous'd him up, and gave him charge-  
 O'the prisoner, who is now at large ;

He laid him down and went to sleep,  
And did not call me, watch to keep.

Quoth Jack Straw, What is said by Shinossy,  
My Commodore, it does not signify !  
Your clemency has been the rock  
From whence we have receiv'd this shock.  
Does there exist a wretch, so hateful!  
A heart so d—n'd black and ungrateful,  
As take the 'vantage of our civil  
Conduct towards 'em—good for evil !  
There does—that Iron—is a devil  
Forsooth ! we've nothing now to do  
But give to one, enough for two.  
Let's put this wretch straightway in limbo,  
And tie his hands behind—a kimbo.

Rod'rick, who now began to think  
That he was on destruction's brink,  
Let loose the venom of his tongue,  
Against the author of his wrong :

Lord of the crooked nose !—ignoble,  
Dost think thou hast me in a hobble ?  
Shall I be treated like a robber  
With hands behind me ? No ! base lubber,  
You sculking, scamping ignoramus  
Is this the way y' expect to tame us ?

Has not your carcase been well bang'd?  
 You good-for-nothing, must-be hang'd!  
 Did not old Iron beat and thump,  
 Pull your long nose, and kick your rump?  
 And did not you, like a baboon,  
 To 'scape a thrashing, sham a swoon?  
 And dar'st thou now begin to act  
 The tyrant, after being whack'd  
 In such a way?—As thus he spoke  
 Paddy began to cough and choke  
 With anger—Seize him! quoth he, seize him,  
 Hum!—I'll rectify!—I'll squeeze him.

In spite of all these *pretty farings*  
 I'll bring you quickly to your bearings,  
 I'll stow you clear of ev'ry danger,  
 And make you live like hog in *manger*.  
 Then, should you want a dainty picking,  
 I'll give you *Mother Cary's chicken*!

When at *head doors* you shall, you noddy,  
 Give back, for all, to squeeze *dog's body*.  
 Besides I'll make you 'tend the hogs,  
 And be the mate of *Jemmy Ducks*.  
 I'll make you dance before the fiddlers,  
 And call you up with other idlers.

Instead of sitting on dog's rump  
I'll keep you *spell and spell* at pump.

So if you do not leave off jeering,  
You'll find in me, a very queer one.  
I'll give your back, a jolly starting  
Until I make you cry for smarting ;  
Then should you prove incorrigible  
I'll lash you by the *bitts* to cable,  
Or in the rigging like spread eagle ;  
You'll then be laugh'd at as a he-gull.

And now the foe did stamp and bluster,  
And all around poor Rory muster ;  
Who cried—Stand off!—ye wretches damn'd,  
I'll not be hedg'd in thus and jam'm'd  
By such a set of blackguard *lumpers* !  
Whom I've made skip like Cambrian *Jumpers*.

I know ye are of different nations,  
Of vi'lent habits, bad persuasions.  
Avaunt! avaunt! ye fellows hellish,  
As ever God's earth did embellish \*,

\* In the American account of the capture of Washing-  
ton—speaking of the English army, they said—"They are  
of all nations, and the most hellish looking fellows that  
ever trod God's earth."

C. LARK.

Ye are as bad as snakes and toads  
 That formerly infested roads.  
 Shove off—ye swabs ! and keep as wide as  
 Jupiter from Georgium Sidus.

And now the chief—Gentlemen—gag him,  
 I cannot bear to hear him—magging ;  
 The jabbering monkey, ere 'tis long,  
 I'll clap a stopper on his tongue.

Shinossy now did seize his neck  
 Behind, and jump'd upon his back,  
 While Jack Straw seiz'd at the same time  
 His legs before, (we want a rhyme,  
 Which we have found, I think, in time,  
 A good one, and 'twill do right well ;) )  
 Seiz'd him before, and down he fell  
 Upon Shinossy's *nappercase*,  
 And bruise'd the handle of his face ;  
 The burning blood did quickly ooze  
 And bubble from his broken nose ;  
 A desp'rate struggle did ensue,  
 In which one man contends with two ;  
 To fight against a double force,  
 Is but a forlorn hope, of course.

Forlorn it was, for Roderick  
 Subdued, cried out for quarter quick,  
 Which granted, they, as by command,  
 Assay'd to bind him, foot and hand,  
 For Paddy Hew was now in heat;  
 And therefore *lash'd* him, hands and feet,  
 Thro' arms and legs, from head to tail,  
 They thrust to carry him, a rail.  
 Upon their shoulders made a shift  
 To raise the pris'ner at a lift,  
 And then proceeded, as *per* order,  
 To take him to the river's border.

As when a loaded jack-ass fags  
 With a huge pair of saddle-bags.  
 Along the earth, beneath his load,  
 He groans and labours on the road,  
 His angry leader, tugging bridle,  
 Upbraiding him for being idle;  
 So did our heroes groan and fag  
 With Roderick, as a saddle bag;  
 While Paddy Hew march'd by upbraiding,  
 And bid them hasten with their lading.

Brave Iron ! had you seen your friend  
 In dire distress, and tail an end,

Tied fast and pinion'd like a rogue,  
 Carried on pig-back, like a hog  
     To slaughter,  
 Your wrath would foam, your hair would bristle,  
 Your great heart beat, and sound like pestle  
     And mortar.  
 At length they got him to the boat,  
 Which though on shore, was still afloat.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who is't approaches—almost flying?  
 It is a messenger from Iron :  
 Quick in the presence of great Pat  
 He stands, and lifts his hand to hat.

MESSENGER :

Great Sir !—I've almost lost my breath—  
 I am the messenger of death ;  
 Old Iron vows, if you don't look out  
 Sharp—he'll pull your honour's pluck out ;  
 He's waiting with a double barrel  
 To finish you, and end the quarrel ;  
 He sends this letter to your highness,  
 To kill you before hand, with kindness.

## PADDY HEW.

Enough !—Enough !—by all that's funny,  
 If I'm oblig'd to meet this *spooney*,  
 I'll pin him thro' the body, *honey* ;  
 I swear I'll make him shake like jelly,  
 By all the powers of Moll Kelly !  
 To show you that I am no croaker,  
 I swear it, *by the Holy Poker!!*  
 Or, stronger still—a dreadful oath,  
 I swear it, by the Hill of Howth!!!

Such little *Fubsters*, always are  
 Upstarts, and swell to men of war ;  
 With pigmy minds—such Gulliver  
 Related in his voyager ;  
 Whose levity, like animal,  
 Betray'd a littleness withal,  
 Approaching to irrational.  
 He can, I say, have little grace,  
 To ask, to meet me, face to face ;  
 He's no restraint on 's inclinations,  
 For instinct prompts him on occasions :  
 Instead of acting like a man,  
 He's treacherous as a Caliban.  
 He oftentimes, when bent on sin,  
 Wraps him, in mooncalf's gabardin ;



And sallies after wicked women  
 As if bred 'twixt a witch and demon,  
 And born a satyr—not a seaman.

Such wickedness and roguery,  
 And rascal pettifoggery  
 His Commodore deriding,  
 And villainous backsliding,  
 Require a *precious hiding*!!

From me, and in due time and place  
 “I’ll *touch him up*,” the scoundrel—base!  
 I’ll put an end to all his fighting;  
 Yet stay—I’ll first read his hand-writing.

### The Challenge of Ironside.

I was made prisoner by fate,  
 “And Juno’s unrelenting hate,”  
 Not by superior skill or courage;  
 My conduct—no man can disparage;  
 In whatsoever scales you’ve weigh’d it,  
 The balance tells against your credit:  
 For I was boarded in the smoke  
 By Shinossy, that cursed rogue!  
 Who, after *holding on the slack*,  
 Came down upon me, like a shack,  
 To cut my throat behind my back.

He is a creeping hodmandod,  
 And sneaks about, on's back, a load,  
 A very thief, and eke a buffoon,  
 And carries bag, like ragamuffin ;  
 As cunning as a prowling fox,  
 He crept on all fours—*vide*, hogs !

Therefore I now upon you call,  
 To treat you with a forc'd-meat ball—  
 A ball of lead, which to your bowels  
 May feel as bad as oaken towels  
 When on your shoulders soundly beaten,  
 Or kick upon your honour's—sit-on.

By dint of fraud, you Irish fiend,  
 You've got my gentle, pious friend ;  
 Intreat him with consideration  
 Due to his rank, on this occasion,  
 Or I will stick you like a hog, or  
 Shoot with goose-hail, as mad dog, or  
 Twist you by the neck like adder,  
 Because you poisonous are, and madder,  
 Running a muck beside your senses,  
 Committing rash extravagancies ;  
 I'll make you think a Congreve rocket  
 Came into contact with your block-head,

Or that death-doing Shrapnel shell,  
Had burst upon you, as it fell.

**Digression.**

What is there in your nasty face ?  
Excuse a few reflections,  
Or in your person, pray what grace  
To steal a girl's affections ?

'Tis true, you have a crooked nose,  
And weazel piercing eyes,  
And a smooth tongue, which I suppose  
Has told a thousand lies.

You've told sweet Sal you lov'd her much,  
To get her in your power ;  
But I believe your love is such,  
It would not last an hour.

You'd leave your victim then forlorn,  
Depriv'd of honour's fame,  
To curse the hour that she was born,  
To die of want—and shame

**Challenge continued.**

Spite of *half laughs* and *purser's grins*,  
 I'll soon reward you for your sins.  
 Should you by chance escape my shot,  
 I'll run a pump-bolt down your throat,  
 Then set you on a grating 'float ;  
 When tarr'd and feather'd and adrift,  
 You'll sing out to me, " Give a lift ;"  
 But I will never lend a hand,  
 But let you drift on shore and strand.  
 'Tis said, a round-turn and half-hitch  
 Will *snub* the devil, or a witch ;  
 I'll bring you up that way, and then  
*Surge ho !* and let adrift again.

Ere you are stranded, Paddy Hew,  
 Here is an Epitaph for you ;  
 On second thoughts I've sent you two,  
 So take your choice, great Billy Blue !

**Epitaph I.**

Here lies the shatter'd ribs and trucks  
 Of the most damnable of rogues.  
 With flaming dog-vane, and long-togs,  
 And fierce and terrifying looks,  
 He frighten'd very many folks.

His hull was a Pandora's box,  
 He struck upon the *Silly rocks*,  
 And after many vi'lent shocks,  
 In spite of *shores*, and *spars*, and *chocks*,  
 He has been bundled *off the hooks*  
 By Iron, who beat him by chalks ;  
 Such proud, incorrigible dogs,  
 And blustering rips, he always flogs ;  
 He wanted him to carry hags,  
 While he swill'd out Sall's brandy kegs.

### Epitaph II.

Underneath this rough and rugged—  
 Rubbish, Paddy's bilg'd and hogged,  
 Split, capsized, and water-logged ;  
 He was a lubber and a block-head,  
 Or he would have been tightly calked,  
 Instead of which, his pumps were choked ;  
 He was by Iron always dogged,  
 But th' affront he put in 's pocket ;  
 By Sally Wattle he was balked,  
 Trick'd continually and joked ;  
 He wanted Sally to have hugged,  
 But here he lies at last—humbugged!!

**Challenge concluded.**

On Sally Wattle tho' you gloat,  
 Just like a St. Helena goat,  
 (Who is as fond of shaggy beard,  
 As you are proud of being fear'd)  
 You'll not succeed; for all your glances,  
 Winks, and blinks, and silly fancies  
 Are d——n'd !—like bill, I gave Sir Francis.

Come out ! thou Irish ram, whose horns  
 Remind me of the Capricorn's,  
 Or eke yclept the Derby ram,  
 Third cousin to the devil's dam,  
 Who'd horns that were nine yards asunder,  
 If your's grow so, I should not wonder,  
 Because the flesh above your nose  
 Is rumpled, like fat Lambert's toes.

Come out, thou shark !—come out, thou odd-fish  
 Come out !—I'll beat you like a stock-fish—  
 Come out ! you good-for-nothing rogue ye,  
 And meet a MAN—or by the *Hookey*!  
 If I *fall in with you*—I'll choke ye.

---

Quoth Pat, This is a libel gross,  
 And militates 'gainst naval laws :

To send his Commodore a challenge  
 To meet him, *whether or no—Tom Collins !*  
 Is neither more nor less than mutiny,  
 And dam'me !—but I'll have a scrutiny :  
 The rascal would be after shooting me ;  
 Commission he had better fling up  
 At once, or else his carcase string up.  
 Go tell him this, and that I'll battle  
 For country—not for Sally Wattle ;  
 “ Yet 'pon my soul ! I should not care  
 To marry her, to my despair.”

And now they all their strength applied  
 To raise him up the cutter's side ;  
 (Raise who ? why Rory, who was tied)  
 And having lifted him to th' top,  
 They let him roll in—neck and crop \* !  
 And in they jumped, with many more,  
 And off was push'd the boat from shore.

\* At a Court-Martial held on board the *Huffy*, Capt. *Chaw the Wind*, on Patrick Gahagan, for contempt and disobedience of orders. Lieut. H——, being duly sworn, is called into Court, and questioned by the President.—“ State to the Court, the particulars of this man's outrageous conduct?”—“ Why, sir, I desired him to go below to swab the decks—‘ Why should I swab the decks?’ said he.—‘ Because I wish you,’ said I.—‘ But I wont,’ says he.

Soon as they got him alongside,  
 The yard-arm tackle was applied,  
 For it was dang'rous to unshackle,  
 Until they'd sway'd him up, by tackle ;  
 Lest he should jump into the deep,  
 And play them a game at bo !-peep.

When Paddy Hew did give the word  
 To free the pris'ner's legs from cord,  
 And having placed him in arrest,  
 He thus his officers address'd :—

Charges against him I am able  
 To bring—almost innumerable,  
 With witnesses, ready to prove  
 Whatever I may chuse to move ;  
 Wherefore I do expect to tame him,  
 If not inevitably damn him.  
 This bus'ness much imports —my dear !  
 I therefore wish the seamen here.

—‘ Dam’me,’ says I, ‘ but you shall,’ says I.—So he would not go by fair means, and I made him go, *vi et armis* !”—  
 “ You made him go *vi et armis* ! Mr. H——, what do you mean by that?—We don’t understand it.”—“ Why, sir, I bundled him down the main hatchway, neck and crop !”

C. LARK.



Jack Straw now order'd that all hands  
Should be turn'd up, to hear commands.

Quick to the word, and full in view,  
Three *Spithead* nightingales now flew,  
And shrilly carolled—'bove the crew ;  
While moving, as from tree to tree,  
Their lively calls were—three times three ;  
Boatswains and mates, with loud *aboys* !  
Cried *bundle! tumble up*, my boys !!  
Then round the capstan—by their craft,  
Marshall'd them, and reported *aft*.  
Now breaking silence, Paddy Hew,  
First touching hat, bespoke the crew :

My men, I call'd you *aft* to tell  
That this man, whom you know full well,  
Is *no man*, for if a man, I mean  
A man—that *is a man*, be seen  
To do a thing unmanly, then  
That man, is *no man*, my men.

And now, my men, I will shew you  
A man, that *is a man*, and true,  
'Tis Shinossy—I say agen,  
That this man, *is a man*, my men :  
This man *is a man*, and such  
A man I wish you'd follow much.

Having said this, my men, I shall  
Say no more, at all—at all!

Then turning round to his attendants,  
Captains, Commanders, and Lieutenants,  
My friends, quoth he, as all my life  
Has pass'd for nought, without a wife,  
In tumults, tragedies, and strife;  
I'll cross the mighty, raging ocean,  
I'll sail o'er waves in wild commotion,  
I'll dolphins eat, kill alligators,  
And roll, like thunder, over waters;  
I'll rove o'er Indian worlds of wonder,  
And like a bee, come home with plunder;  
Bold Shinossy, and you Jack Straw,  
Dear friends to me, in peace and war,  
Shall bear me company afar;  
And for your mighty complaisance,  
You then shall ride on elephants,  
Whilst I, just as I stride a horse,  
Will mount a tall rhinoceros,  
With a large cannon on his shoulder,  
No Eastern monarch shall look bolder,  
I shall astonish each beholder;

Then as we pass thro' cities ample,  
 The swinish multitude we'll trample,  
 Who'll say, " There goes great Paddy Hew  
 With his adherents, brave and true.  
 How like a Hercules he moves,  
 He surely is a son of Jove's !"

When thus accoutred, in a ring  
 We'll shew ourselves before the king,  
 Who'll say, " Advance, my worthy son,  
 I've heard the deeds which you have done !  
 You've battles won, you've nobly fought,  
 And set your enemies at nought ;  
 So now, I do decree for life  
 A princess of the blood your wife ;  
 No more shall you the wide world straddle,  
 In search of silly Sally Wattle ;  
 Let Ironside—for he's a deep one,  
 Seize and take her into keeping ;  
 He's fonder of her goods and chattles,  
 Than children are of painted rattles ;  
 And when she is become his own,  
 He'll make her money fly, O hone !  
 Then go and leave her all alone.

If so, why then Miss Sally soon  
 Must take up with a wooden spoon,  
 Resume the dishclout and the broom,  
 And feel herself once more at home ;  
 Quit flagelet, piano-forte,  
 To scrub the kitchen when 'tis dirty,  
 Scower bright the brazen pots and kettles,  
 As once before she did, for victuals ;  
 Throw off the crimson velvet clean,  
 For rugged woollen bombazin ;  
 And after this, she will, I ween,  
 Run for a smock upon the green ;  
 And when she hears of this, your marriage,  
 She will lament her own miscarriage ;  
 She'll envy then the man she's wrong'd,  
 To whom she ought to have belong'd.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now as oblivion draws her veil  
 Across the remnant of our tale,  
 And we have brought 'em safe, thus far,  
 Thro' the vicissitudes of war,  
 The gentle reader will not grieve  
 If here Tarpaulin takes his leave.

FINIS.

### ERRATA.

Page 73—line 15, for *chatters*, read *chatter*.

— 77—line 11, for *stack*, read *slack*.

— 103—the note at the bottom should be thus—  
“ *What noise is that on the fore-castle?*” Fat-  
qua (a Chinese) answered—“ *Butcher make*  
*'em—kill 'em pig—pig no likée—he make a*  
*bobbery.*”

C. LARK.

— 134—line 2, for *was*, read *were*.

— 148—the two last lines to be placed at the bottom  
of page 149.

FEB. 11, 1815.

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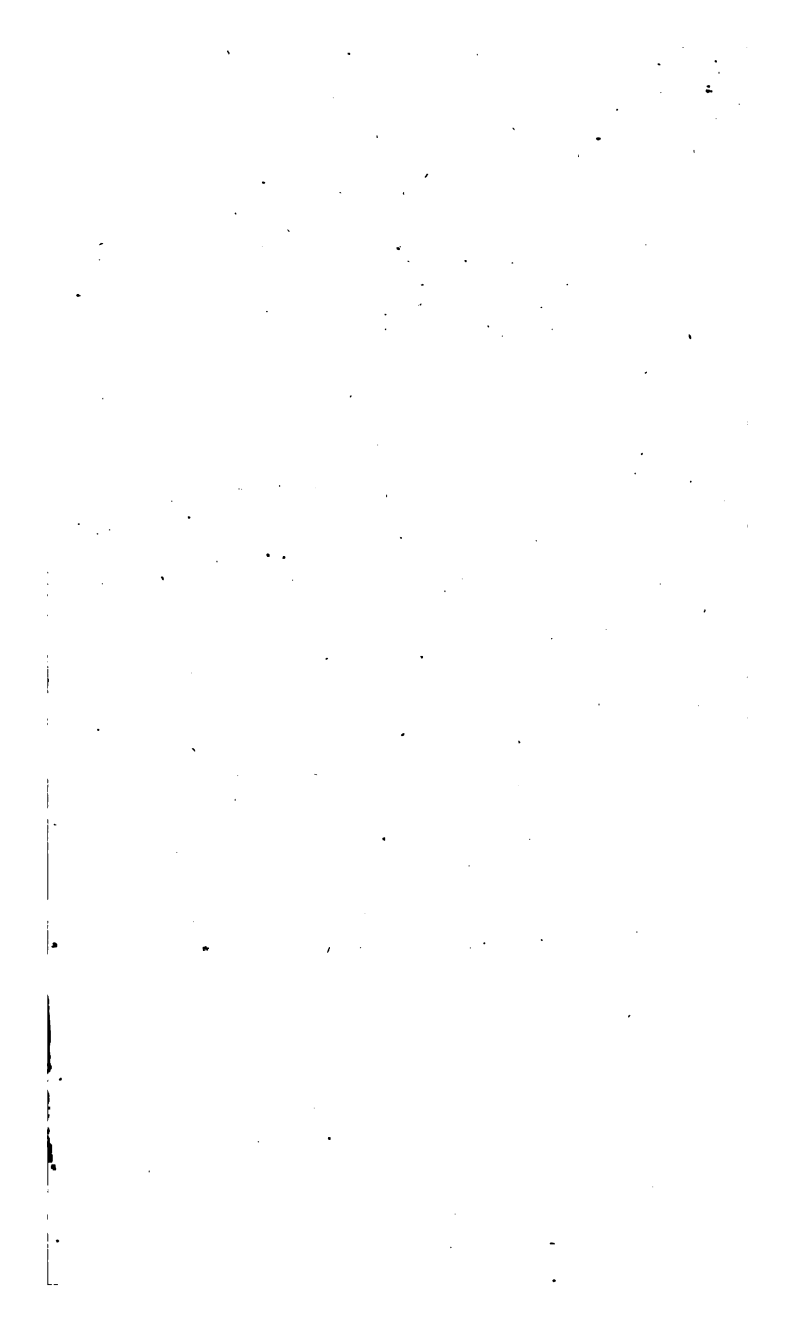
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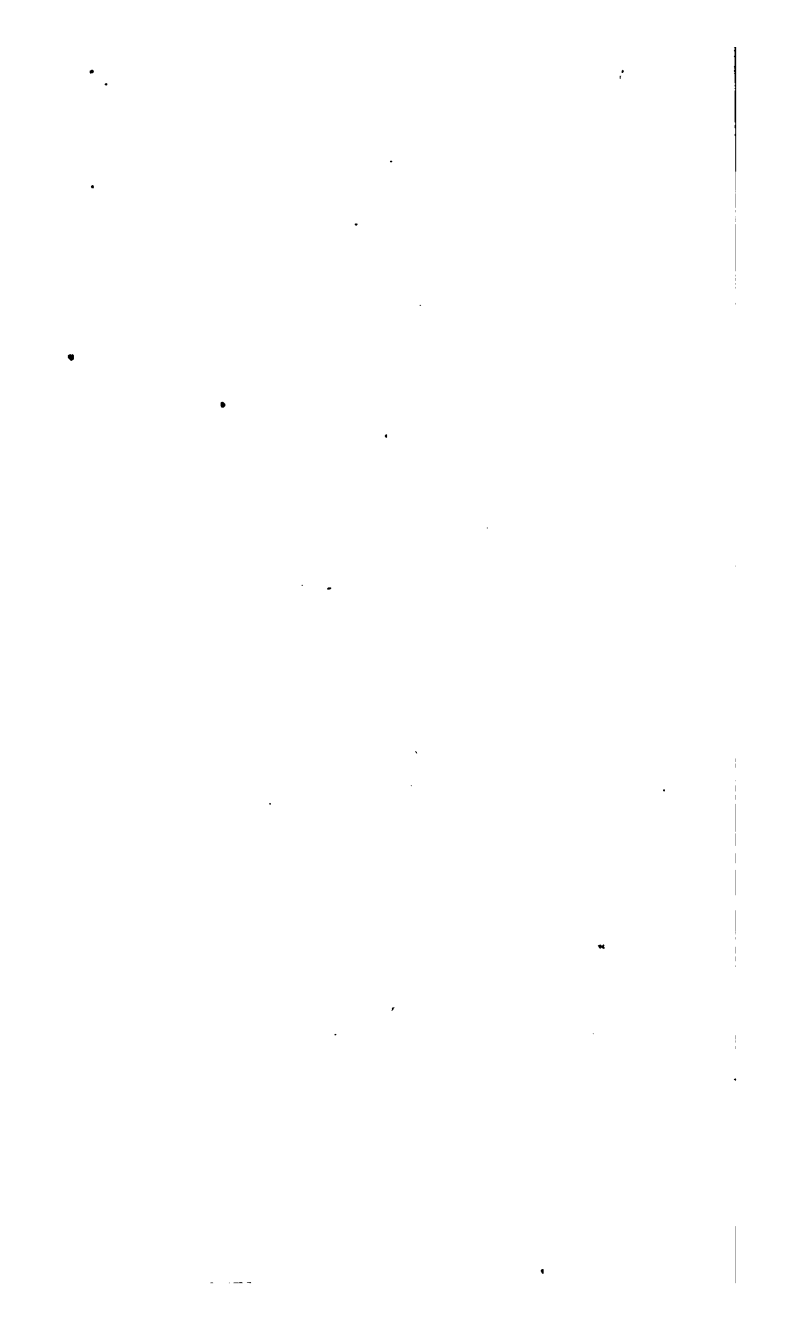
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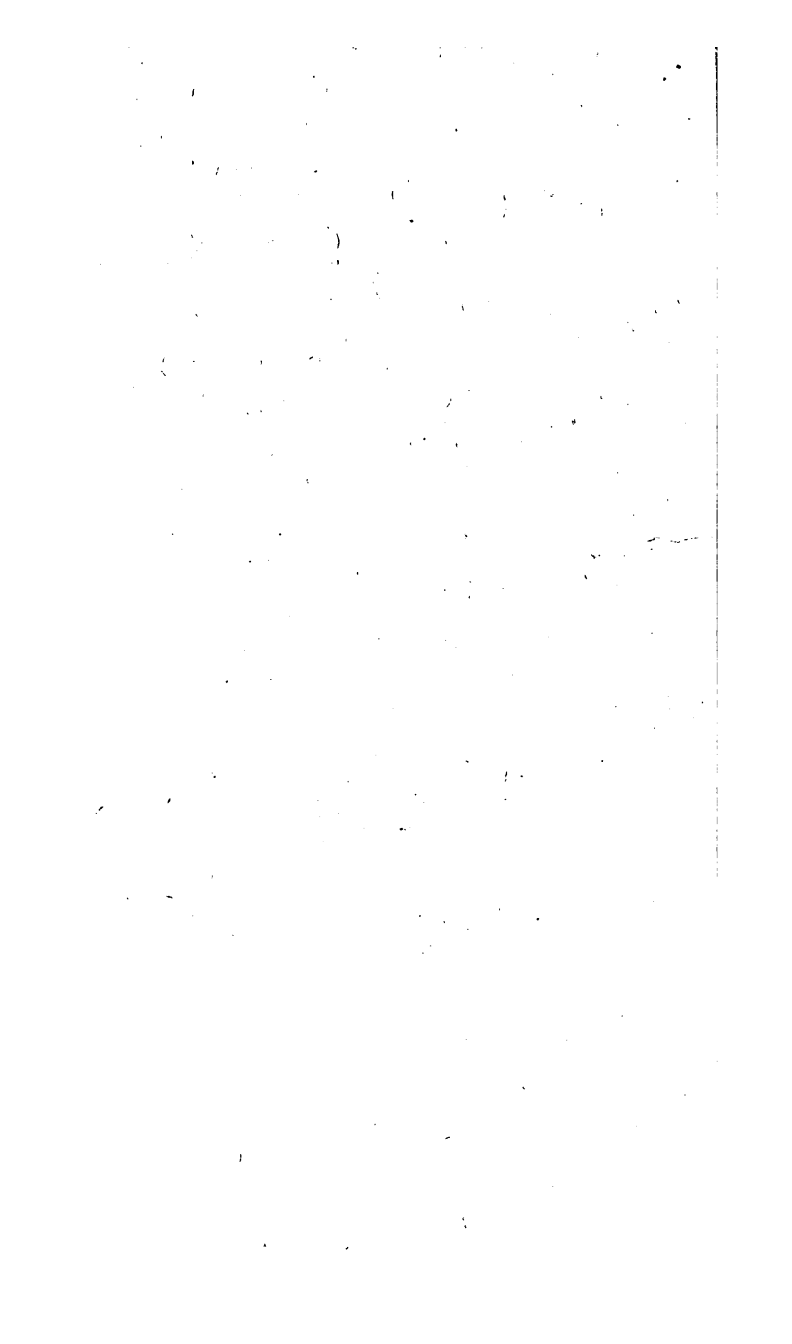
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